

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, 166 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK.

No. 1011.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1917.

Price SIX Cents.

JACK WRIGHT'S AIR AND WATER CUTTER.

OR, WONDERFUL ADVENTURES ON THE WING AND A FLOAT
AND OTHER STORIES

By NO NAME.



The eagle was soaring above the airship. Jack suddenly raised the ship several yards. The eagle released the child, which fell, Fritz standing on the roof of the deck-house ready to catch it.

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Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$3.00 per year. Entered at the New York, N. Y., Post Office as Second Class Matter by Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York.

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—OR—

WONDERFUL ADVENTURES ON THE WING AND AFLOAT

By "NONAME"

CHAPTER I.

THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT.

A most picturesque scene begins our story, situated in a woods bordering one side of Wrightstown Bay, on the Atlantic sea coast.

On the other side of the water were great masses of rocks and cliffs, where a lighthouse was built at the entrance to the harbor.

The head of the bay was occupied by the township, consisting of fishermen's huts, several thriving streets lined with stores, and a great number of elegant private residences, surrounded by handsome gardens.

Several years before the place was made famous by an inventor of submarine boats, named Bill Wright, after whom the place was named.

His son Jack, inheriting his talent, had, upon his father's death, invented several marvels for traveling beneath the sea, and at the time we allude to was recognized as the leading citizen of the town.

Perhaps it was because he was the richest person in the place and owned half the town, as he had gained several huge fortunes by dragging immense treasures from the dark recesses of the deep with his submarine boats, aided by two friends of his, named Tim Topstay and Fritz Schneider.

The woods to which we have alluded were a part of Jack Wright's estate, and as our story opens in the month of August, the trees, bushes and shrubs were in full bloom, disseminating a most fragrant odor upon the balmy afternoon air.

Thousands of birds twittered in the foliage, little red squirrels darted up the tree trunks, and numberless gray rabbits shot over the velvety greensward at the slightest alarm.

Within a glen in the woods there stood a wagon, painted red, blue and white, with a roof that gave it the appearance of a house on wheels, steps at the back giving ingress to the interior by a rear door, while on the side were painted rows of artificial windows.

The team of bony buckskins that dragged it were unhitched and browsing the luxuriant vegetation in among the trees, the old patched harness hung on a branch, at one side stood a dirty tent, and in front of it was a campfire, with a tripod and kettle over it, around which lounged several swarthy men, women and children.

In the ruddy glow of the fire their tattered, but many-colored clothing assumed a strange aspect, and their long, black hair and jet eyes were clearly defined as those of the wandering nomads called gypsies.

There were a woman and a man seated upon the gnarled trunk of a fallen tree, the former thrumming a strange air upon a guitar, and the woman playing a tambourine, while in front of them a boy and girl were gracefully posturing and dancing to the peculiar rhythm.

The rest of the gypsies were looking on in amazement and applauding, and in the tent doorway sat the dark-faced

queen of the tribe with her tiny infant resting on her lap, with which she was playing.

In the sky above the glen several huge birds were circling around and around at a great height in quest of prey, and in the midst of the revelry a stranger came down a forest path, and paused to witness the gypsy dance.

The keen eyes of the queen quickly detected the gentleman, who was a tall, thin person of forty-five, with a long red nose, long hair, and wearing a high silk hat, and a clerical suit of black.

She said something in the Romany dialect, and the music stopped, whereupon she laid her child upon a cushion at the tent door, and arose to her feet, the big hoops in her ears and trimming on her dress jingling with the silvery tinkle of bells.

"Will the gentleman have his fortune told?" she asked in wheedling tones, as she approached him with hands extended, and a smile upon her dusky face. "There is truth in the gypsy's horoscope, and the stars never fail to reveal the past, present and future."

"Hum!" coughed the stranger. "My good woman, I have but little faith in such nonsense. Clairvoyants, mind-readers, mesmerists and second sight are a humbug in my opinion. But I will give you half a dollar if you will show me the nearest way out of these confounded woods so I can get into Wrightstown."

The eyes of the gypsy woman snapped, for she did not like the skeptical manner assumed by the dignified stranger, and she answered curtly:

"The gypsy queen will gladly show you the way, but for the satisfaction of proving to you that phrenology, palmistry, and similar arts that I pretend to have mastered are no myths, if you will cross my palm with your silver, I shall not only show you the way, but shall tell your fortune as well, and defy you to find any errors in what I say."

"Well," laughed the stranger, producing a fifty-cent silver piece and placing it in the nettled woman's palm, "it will take a pretty strong argument on your part to convince me that the lying, thievish, murderous disposition of the gypsies ain't all it is cracked up to be. But," he added nervously, as he saw every one scowl at him, "if you keep your word and tell me anything wonderful, I will reward you with ten times as much money."

"Good! Let Zobeide study your palm," said the woman vehemently.

The stranger extended his hand, and the gypsy queen intently scanned it for several moments, and then closed her ravishing eyes as if thinking.

"Your name," said she, with a frown, "is Peleg Hopkins."

"Why—bless me!" said the gentleman, with a start. "How did you know?"

"Never mind. Your profession is that of a naturalist."

"By Jove! You're right—"

"Silence! You are an antiquarian, a gatherer of shells and curiosities."

"True! True! This is strange—wonderful—incomprehensible—"

"To proceed, you have just come from a big city, where you have been living——"

"New York, as true as you are born——"

"And are about to call upon a youth called Jack Wright, a great inventor."

"So I am. Go on—go on!"

"Your object is to make a trip in the sky with him in his latest invention."

"I don't see how under the sun you can guess so well!"

"He was not at home, and you wandered into these woods while awaiting his return, and thus got lost," continued the gypsy queen.

"If any one had told me of your singular power to know things which are entirely foreign to you, I should have said he was a—a—a—liar!"

"Does that satisfy you?" demanded Zobeide, dropping his hands.

"Amplify," replied the amazed professor, as he pulled a crisp, five-dollar bill out of his pocket, and handed it to her. "You are certainly a most marvelous creature, and as I never saw you before, and you cannot possibly know anything about me, I give you credit for doing one of the most astonishing things I ever heard of."

"Then I shall see that you are shown properly into Wrightstown, sir," said the gypsy woman. "Queppo," she added, turning to a boy of about fifteen, "lead the gentleman along the shore path into the town."

The boy nodded, went trotting along, and Mr. Peleg Hopkins followed him.

He had no sooner disappeared from sight, however, when a merry peal of laughter rippled from beneath the white, gleaming teeth of Zobeide, and her whole figure was convulsed with mirth.

The rest of the band had been looking on silently and curiously, and as soon as her hilarity subsided one of the men said, in curious tones:

"You seem to have told him point blank truths that time, Zobeide."

"And no wonder," she replied, sobering down partially.

"In what manner did you so accurately reach the facts about him?"

"Half an hour ago you know I was gathering herbs in the woods."

"Yes, yes," assented the rest interestedly.

"Well, ha, ha, ha! I saw that man intent upon what I observed to be his pet hobby, and I was about to go on, when I saw him drop a letter. When he had gone I picked it up and stole away. Upon reading it in the tent, I found that it was a letter which he had written in New York to a youth named Jack Wright, of whom we already know, expressing about all I just told him, but which he had forgotten to mail, and that's how I told his fortune."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chorused the whole tribe.

Their merriment knew no bounds, and the dark queen flourished the bill which the professor had given her, and cried laughingly:

"What fools some men are! They scoff at what seems supernatural, and yet they are more easily gulled than any one."

"Hurrah for Zobeide!" cheered one of the men.

A wild cheer and a ripple of laughter burst from every dusky throat.

But just then a most startling event occurred that cast the whole rollicking, jolly band into the profoundest depths of blank despair.

There sounded a fearful whirl of wings, and down from the sky swept one of the birds which had been circling around overhead.

It was an enormous gray eagle.

Up in the lofty, inaccessible crags across the bay these kings of the air had built their eyrie, where no man could climb to them.

Startled by the screams of its pinions, the gypsies glanced around in affright, and terror struck their souls when they saw what made the noise.

Down the eagle swooped with a terrible cry, its sharp eyes fixed intently upon the queen's infant lying upon the cushion at the tent door, where she had left it.

In an instant the powerful talons were fastened upon the child, and the terrified mother uttered a wild shriek, and rushed forward to save her wailing offspring, her dark face contorted by a look of intense fear.

But ere she had taken two steps, up soared the mighty bird into the sky, with a clutch upon the swaddling clothes

of the babe, carrying the little gypsy with it, far out of everybody's reach.

"My child! My child!" shrieked the gypsy woman frantically.

She held up her arms and spread her fingers to the sky, but the eagle swept up, up, up into the bright sky with the child, gradually growing smaller and smaller as it ascended, until at last it looked like a mere speck outlined against the fleecy clouds sweeping across the blue domes of heaven. Another eagle, striving to rob it of the child, pursued it.

Every one of the gypsies had their merriment turned into the most intense anguish, and a wail of woe pealed from every throat when they beheld the strange fate which had overtaken their future king.

The distracted mother fell upon her knees, tears streaming from her eyes, and the loudest lamentations arose from the tribe all around her, for it seemed that the child was doomed to a most terrible death.

CHAPTER II.

THE STRANGE FLYING FISH.

A far different scene was taking place an hour before this incident occurred at the residence of Jack Wright, the boy inventor, on the outskirts of Wrightstown.

The youth dwelt in a magnificent house standing in the midst of an elegantly laid-out garden, at the foot of which ran a creek, which emptied into the bay.

Upon the bank of the stream, at the foot of the garden, stood a very large and handsome brick workshop, in which the boy had been in the habit of constructing his submarine boats.

The building now had a side wing added to it, where the young inventor purposed to construct a style of ship which differed somewhat from those to which he had been always addicted.

Since returning from his last trip, Jack Wright had made a new and wonderful discovery in regard to aerial navigation, and had been hard at work contriving a marvelous invention, built after a model which he found to work properly.

At the time alluded to the boy was in his new workshop putting the finishing touches upon his strange-looking airship.

Those who are familiar with the boy will recollect that he was an athletic fellow of less than twenty, with dark eyes and hair, a resolute, nervy disposition, and a quick and ready brain.

He was now attired in a neat blue suit and cap, as he stood off at one side of the shop viewing his singular-looking vessel, and observed that she seemed to be perfect in every detail.

"Navigating the air is a peculiar venture," the boy muttered, "and although I have studied everything concerning aeronautics, I expect that I'll find it a far different matter than submarine traveling, to which I have always devoted my attention. At any rate, she is bound to work right, for her model did, and as for traveling on the water, there can be no question of her ability to go at the rate of fifty knots an hour."

He turned a lever on the wall of the building and the entire roof opened, folding back like the window shutters on a store, leaving the bright blue sky exposed, up into which he intended to ascend.

At that moment there came a ring at the door-bell, and the boy answered it, for the place was kept locked to keep people out of the shop.

Upon the threshold stood a man with a wooden leg, a sandy beard and a glass eye, attired in the uniform of a marine, with a long envelope in his hand.

He was a retired man-o'-war's man, chiefly noted for the enormous quantity of plug tobacco he consumed, the outrageous lies he manufactured, and his devotion to Jack, with whom he resided.

Timothy Topstay was this individual's name; he had always accompanied the boy on his submarine voyages, shared Jack's treasures, and had once been a messmate on the U. S. frigate Wabash with the young inventor's father.

"Hello, old fellow, what brings you here?" queried Jack, upon seeing who he was.

"Heaven save yer, I've jest be'n down fer ther mail, my hearty," replied the old sailor.

"Is this letter for me?"

"Aye, lad, an' a government envelope, too."

Jack opened it, and glanced over the paper it contained.

"It's my patent on this boat granted," he commented.

"Where is Fritz?"

"Ther Dutch lubber wuz in 'a bar'l ther las' time I sot my eyes on him."

"In a barrel?" queried the boy, with a puzzled look.

"Aye—a bar'l o' tar," replied the old sailor, with a broad grin. "Yer see, as I love inter ther garding under full sail wot should ther pot-bellied pirate do but bring me up in ther wind wi' a bombardment o' chicking fruit wot must a-been laid by a polecat. One o' 'em plunked me in ther neck, an' I tried ter run away from myself, when Fritz an' me come tergether two p'int's ter ther wind'ard o' whar ther roofers wuz workin' on ther barn. I gave him a sock-dolager in ther mizzen riggin', an' he veered off ter ther le'ward, an' landed in ther barrel o'—"

"Holy shiminey Christmas!" roared an irate voice just then, interrupting Tim's explanation, and into the shop darted the ancient mariner with a hop, skip and a jump. "Where vhas dot oldt glub-footed, bandy-legged, glass-eyed son-of-a-sea-gooks? Gief him to me for a minute. Led me shust hit him mit dis bale stick vunct. Yer can haf a free oxcurtion to his funeral, und yer don't vhas got ter veep a tear for him alretty!"

The speaker rushed around an angle of the building brandishing a club.

He was a dumpy, round, fat Dutch boy, with a broad face, yellow hair, and a costume on that he must have worn over the sea in the steerage, but he was covered with oozing tar from head to foot, and being of a pugnacious, excitable temperament, his temper was up to the boiling point.

The young Dutchman was Jack's other stanch friend, who had always gone with him as companion, cook and electrician upon his adventurous trips, and he also lived at the boy's house.

Jack could not repress a smile at the forlorn, yet comical appearance of Mynheer Schneider, but he assumed a grave look, and shouted:

"Here, now, Fritz, I want this confounded practical joking stopped. You and Tim will kill each other yet if you don't end it. Do you hear me?"

"I vant ter kill him!" roared the Dutch boy wildly.

"Well, you can't do it here! Drop that club!"

"Och, heavens, vy don't yer led me only proke his gollar pone?" pleaded Fritz.

"Instead of skylarking this way, I thought you was getting ready to go up in the ship with me," said Jack angrily. "It is almost six o'clock, and we are, as you well know, to give my boat a trial trip at that hour, so that all the people in Wrightstown can see the ascent. Now look at the state you are in. Go and clean yourself or you can't go, that's all there is about it."

The angry young Dutchman went away grumbling because he was denied the pleasure of massacring his tormentor, and Jack turned around and saw Tim peeping out at him from behind the boat.

"You had better get aboard and keep out of his way," said Jack, in warning tones. "He will paralyze you if he gets the chance."

There was an accommodation ladder at the side of the boat, and Tim ascended to the deck without saying a word, and went inside.

The airship stood propped up on braces in the middle of the shop, all sorts of tools and the remains of metal and woodwork littering the floor.

It was a cylinder, with a slightly flattened top, about one hundred feet long, fifteen-foot beam, and twenty feet in depth, the bow running up gracefully, cutter shaped, with a tubular searchlight on the apex, and the stern ended in a point, with a huge propeller on the end and a huge rudder underneath, working on a horizontal rod extending aft of the wheel.

Along the sides were rows of deadlights, wheels and wire belts; a metal railing encircled the deck, and from the circular pilot-house forward there ran a deck cabin aft, in which there were doors and windows. Five helices arose on each side. Two braced hollow posts arose on the forward and after deck, with rimmed propellers of twenty feet in diameter, with a smaller screw above to increase speed.

Below the catheads on either side of the hull two long, strong rods ran obliquely aft, to which were securely bolted

sheets of aluminum, tougher and far lighter than steel, forming a pair of bat-like wings which folded up like a fan when not in use, at the sides of the boat. Aft were two more.

By means of the most powerful electrical machinery, within the boat, these wings could be operated exactly after the manner of a bird's flight, while the helices maintained the midship section, keeping the craft upon an even keel.

If the boat were upon the water, the same electric batteries revolved the under screw to propel the boat, while in the air it added to her speed in driving her ahead or at backing her, in conjunction with another larger wheel.

Upon the bow of the boat was printed the name Flying Fish, a most appropriate cognomen, as the invention was designed to travel over water or through the atmosphere.

But why had this queer device been constructed at the cost of a small fortune, and the expense of much toil, care and thought?

We will tell you briefly that it was done by Jack Wright merely to gratify a whim, a talent he had for inventing machines that hitherto had seemed to be impossible for mankind to evolve and protect.

He had no present particular use for the invention, but having plenty of money to spend in carrying out his ideas, possessing the inventive ability to create this marvel, and wishing to usefully employ his spare time, he had carried out his plan in hopes that some time in the modern future he might be the means of revolutionizing the tactics of civilized warfare.

It was an amusing pleasure to him to invent these contrivances, and he did it with no actual purpose in view for the present; yet, strangely enough, he had never yet brought out a patent that did not repay his outlay upon it, and give him a big profit, besides all the good he was fortunate enough to do with them for suffering humanity.

As far as the boy could see the boat was perfect, yet there were, of course, defects in its arrangement which could only be ascertained and remedied by a trial trip, and this was precisely what he intended to give the boat within an hour.

He went aboard of the craft, entered the pilot-house in which stood the rudder-wheel, and glanced up at the wall where a glass case contained a number of gauges, indicators, thermometers, barometers and other instruments of a like nature for working the boat.

In front of the wheel stood a binnacle and compass, and on the box was screwed a switchboard, with several levers upon it, by which the pilot could control all the working parts of the boat by electric wires that were in communication between the battery, machinery and levers.

The chronometer indicated five minutes to six, and the boy anxiously glanced out of the glass window of the pilot-house to see if Fritz was coming, for he wanted to be punctual, as he knew that there were thousands of people, who came thronging to Wrightstown from far and near, anxiously waiting to see the ascent of the aerial vessel.

Just then the shop door went open with a bang and in rushed Fritz, pursued by several policemen and a mob of citizens, all of whom were drenched and seemed greatly excited.

With amazing agility for such a stout person, the Dutch boy rushed up the ladder.

"Stard der poat!" he yelled frantically. "Let her go, or by shingo I vhas get arrested!"

Jack gave a violent start, for he saw that something serious had happened to his friend, and he felt anxious to save Fritz from trouble.

Observing that the whole crowd were about to rush upon the boat, the boy instantly turned several of the levers and the helices and wings began to move, when with a sudden rush the Flying Fish shot up in the air through the opened roof of the shop.

CHAPTER. III.

SAVED.

The first movement about the boat had been a sudden spreading out on either side of the arched, bat-like wings; with a metallic click they became rigid at a width of twenty feet on either quarter and twice that length, and with the first beat they lifted the boat.

The helices revolved so rapidly that they fairly whistled, yet the lifting power was so evenly graded between the wheels and wings that not the slightest oscillation, tremor or gyrating movement could be felt.

The boat lay as stiff and even as if she were upon the land.

Fritz glanced over the railing, down upon the policeman and citizens who had been pursuing him, and saw them gaping up at the receding boat in open-mouthed astonishment.

All the streets, windows and housetops in Wrightstown were lined with people, and cheer after cheer arose from the multitude when the boat was seen; handkerchiefs and flags were waved, and a scene of the most intense excitement ensued.

"Come in here, Fritz!" shouted the boy inventor, as he clutched the wheel and keenly watched every movement of the airship.

Schneider obeyed, and Jack saw that he had cleaned himself of the tar.

"Och, himmel!" he gasped, as he glanced around. "Vot iss? I feel me so kveer as nefer vhas alretty, and if dot poat don't plo' up by idself, or ve don't fell down, I t'nk ve vhas go up by kingdom-come, don't id?"

"You needn't be alarmed," reassuringly said Jack. "She is going all right. It's just like ballooning. Just hear Tim—he's vomiting in the cabin, and yet he never got seasick on the water in his life."

He glanced at the registers and saw that they were at a height of 500 feet from the earth, ascending at the rate of sixty feet a minute, and were slipping off at an angle with the wind to the northeastward.

"I vish I vhas back by der landt," groaned Fritz, in scared tones.

"You'd get arrested if you was. What was the reason they were chasing you and trying to arrest you, Fritz?" said Jack.

"A crowd vhas bushin' in by der yardt, und I tolt 'em ter got oudt, but dey vhasn't do id, so I crabbed der hose oudt er der gardner's hands, und I vhas squirted it at 'em. und der vater smeshed der bolicemans in de eye. Dot seddled id. He wanted to haf me hung righd away gwick, und all der beebles vot I soused vould a-bulled by der rope if dey vhas caught me vomet, so I skoodeded, und dots der reason dey vhas shased me alretty."

Just then the old sailor came limping in, and remembering what he had done to anger him, Fritz scowled and wobbled toward him.

The ancient mariner was deathly pale from a sort of sickness produced by his strange position, and looked very forlorn.

"Wot are yer a-going ter do, Dutchy, kill me?" he moaned.

"Donner vetter! How yer can ask dot questions? Of course I vhas!" replied Fritz, belligerently, as he doubled up his fist.

A sickly smile crossed Tim's face.

He was so awful sick he didn't care much for existing.

Taking an ax from a rack, he handed it to Schneider.

"Heave ahead, my lad!" said he. "Yer couldn't do me a greater favor."

"Och, shust—wow—wow—york—york—york!" replied Fritz.

He, too, was turning pale, and suddenly pressed one hand over his gagging mouth and the pit of his heaving stomach.

"Wot?" growled Tim, as the Dutch boy dropped the ax.

"I vhas—ugh—york—york—gah—um—wow!" replied Fritz.

The angry look left his bulging blue eyes and a most unhappy expression, pitiful to behold, crept over his fat face.

It was a bilious, startled, what-ails-me sort of an expression.

He then cast an eye on the door and sidled toward it, with his cheeks puffed up, his stomach heaving up and down and his legs wobbling.

The next moment out he rushed, pursued by Tim, and they both leaned over the railing and began a duet of gags.

Jack laughed, for he was not affected like that, although he felt rather queer, a tingling sensation was running through him, a roaring sound came into his ears and his bright became blurred a little. He soon got over this feeling, however.

So did Tim and Fritz presently, but animosity was forgotten.

The Flying Fish by that time was a thousand feet in the air, and the people below were apparently so small that they looked like flies, the landscape of coast, land and ocean lost its natural aspect, and they found themselves among some clouds.

It was at this juncture that Jack suddenly observed several huge birds rising from the earth below them, and taking his glass from the rack he directed it at them.

"Two eagles, and one pursuing the other!" he muttered.

A moment afterward he observed that the biggest bird in advance had a tiny infant clutched in its talons.

"Great heavens, boys, look there!" he cried, pointing down at it.

Tim and Fritz were startled at the sight.

"Heaven save us, is it a little kid's corpse?" queried Tim.

"No! Don'd yer see dot it vhas mofin its arms und legs?" cried Fritz.

The birds were sweeping up toward the Flying Fish, but swerved off as soon as their keen eyes detected what it was.

"Stand by to save the child!" shouted Jack, electrifying his friends.

He slackened the speed of the whirling helices, and brought the boat to a pause, the forward wings were stopped, the action of the after ones was increased, and the cutter made a dive down at a slight angle, when the stern propeller began to spin, shooting her ahead at a wonderful rate of speed.

Away she went, skimming, till she was beneath the eagle that held the child, when the bird took fright and sped away toward the sea, with a fearful screech.

Jack sent the boat flying after it like a rocket.

An exciting chase followed, the eagle straining every effort to get away from the boat, and Jack determined to overtake it.

The other eagle flew away in terror.

On swept the bird at the extent of its speed, when Jack turned several levers, and with a whistling of the wings, helices and propellers, the Flying Fish's speed was increased.

"We are gaining!" shouted Jack excitedly.

"Hurroar!" bellowed Tim delightedly.

"In vun minute more ve vhas got him!" yelled Fritz.

"Look out the bird don't drop the child!"

"Aye, aye, lad!"

"Shiminey! put on more speed!"

The eagle was now soaring above the airship, and Jack suddenly raised her several yards, when the boat darted ahead, and the child suddenly was released and fell.

With one spring Fritz landed beneath it, his quick glance having instantly detected the little one falling.

Down it came, the delicate fabric of its clothes having caught for an instant upon the bird's sharp talons, and up went the Dutch boy's arms.

With a slight shock the child fell into the arms of Fritz, and, uttering a cry of affright, the eagle circled off to the right.

"Saved!" gasped Jack, in joyful tones.

"Und id vhas alive!" chuckled Fritz, for the child screamed.

"Bless its heart fer that squall!" roared Tim, relieved of his anxiety.

The babe was not injured, excepting for a few scratches inflicted upon its tender skin by the bird's talons, and it now began to bawl and kick lustily as the Dutch boy gently carried it up to the pilot-house, followed by Tim.

"By shiminey!" exclaimed Fritz, as he went in, "it vhas a nigger baby!"

"No, it isn't," replied Jack, regarding it intently, "it's a gypsy."

"Wot! One o' ther gang wot's camped in ther woods by ther bay?" asked Tim.

"It must be. Look at its clothing," said Jack.

The child was only a few weeks old, and very small. Its skin was almost as dark as a mulatto's; its hair was coarse and black, and it did not have very much clothing on.

The little fellow, marvelously enough, did not seem to be much the worse for its perilous adventure, but he cried and screamed, despite Jack saying, "Coochy-coochy-coo"; and chucking it under the chin.

The eagles disappeared by this time, and having adjusted the levers Jack sent his boat downward in vast circles toward the sea, which was rolling below where they were now suspended.

The driving screws were stopped, the wings stood stiffly out, acting like parachutes, and the helices revolved slower.

With a graceful motion the boat went down at about two feet a second, and Fritz laid the child down upon a cushion in back of Jack, and tried to stop its yells.

The young inventor kept his glance fixed upon the gauges and indicators, intently, and said:

"The boat seems to work like a charm. I'll bring her to a stop in the water of the bay, which is just below us now, and we'll go over to the gypsy camp and see if that young one wasn't stolen from there by the eagle. It's a wonder to me it wasn't killed!"

"Thar wuz another eagle a-chasin' ther one as had ther kid," said Tim. "an' that's why ther critter flew so high terescape its pursuers, I s'pose."

Down, down, down, lower and lower went the boat until at last it came within fifty feet of the sparkling waters of the bay, when the aeronauts saw the people of the village come flocking down to the water's edge and heard them loudly shouting and cheering.

At that moment the wheels suddenly stopped.

A shower of glaring electric sparks shot out from every terminal of the mechanism, and the airship fell.

Cries of alarm burst from the vast multitude.

A sudden shock passed through Jack and his friends when they felt the boat falling from beneath them.

"Hang on for your lives!" shrieked the startled boy.

Their faces blanched, their hearts throbbed, and their nerves tingled, but they scarcely had time to move, when with a terrible shock the boat struck the water and splashed it up all around.

The next instant the Flying Fish disappeared under the bay!

CHAPTER IV.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Two seconds had scarcely elapsed before the airship again arose to the surface and floated as gracefully and buoyantly as any craft.

Fritz and Tim had been knocked flying across the pilot-house and lay in the corner, half stunned; but Jack had grasped the babe and flung himself upon the cushions.

He was badly shaken up, but suffered no injury, nor was the child hurt in consequence of his protecting arms.

He bounded to his feet, drenched by the water that poured in through the open windows, and seeing the electricity still escaping, he instantly shut off power, stopping it.

Out from the shore put every available boat, into which many of the spectators of the catastrophe crowded, and a cheer pealed from every mouth when they saw the Flying Fish ascend to the surface and float safely.

"Get up, boys, get up!" exclaimed the boy upon seeing the boat floating again.

Neither of his friends answered him.

For they were senseless.

Jack hastened out on deck with the child in his arms.

He cast a glance around and gave a start of dismay, for he saw that the shock had broken several of the helices, snapped the belt and wheels and created other serious damage to the boat.

A cheer went up from the spectators upon seeing that he was safe, and scores of boats came surging across to the airship, every one asking if they were hurt and begging to be of service.

It was very evident that the machinery was injured, and the boat could not go, so the boy shouted:

"Tow us up the creek to the workshoop. I'll fling you a hawser."

He sent a line flying overboard, after laying the gypsy baby down on the sofa in the pilot-house, and made the other end fast to a ringbolt.

While his friends were dragging the Flying Fish across the bay, he glanced at Tim and Fritz and saw that they were recovering.

He then passed back into the cabin.

It was a beautifully appointed room, but the pictures were knocked from the walls, the table and chairs were upset, the floor was littered with broken articles, and everything was in confusion.

Back of this room was a stateroom, equally as much up-

set, and in the galley, behind it, scarcely a piece of crockery, glassware or tinware remained unbroken in its place.

There was a storeroom back of the galley, filled with extra things, such as most vessels carry, a fine assortment of firearms and ammunition of a kind such as the boy had invented, peculiar-looking diving costumes, canned food and numerous other things.

But everything was scattered about in the wildest disorder.

The aftmost compartment was an electric machinery room, furnished with a light, powerful engine, run by hydraulic pressure, which operated a beautiful dynamo, from which electricity was generated to work the delicate but complicated machinery which was put into communication with the working parts of the boat by a series of insulated wires, metallic belts and light pistons.

As everything here was stationary, nothing was broken by the shock, although when the boy looked for the cause of the stopping of the helices he soon found that the main shaft had broken.

A trapdoor in the floor led down into the hold by means of a ladder, and as everything was lighted by incandescent electric lights, the boy procured an illumination of the dark hold by pressing a button on the wall.

He then descended a light ladder of steel.

The entire interior of the hull was empty, excepting for a small, light but powerful air pump standing in the stern.

All around were great braces and girders of a shape denoting extraordinary lightness and strength, as if to resist a collapse of the hull from outside pressure, although the pressure employed really was inside, as will be shown presently, when we explain the use of the pumps.

There was no damage done to the hull, Jack saw at a glance.

He then returned to the pilot-house and found that Tim and Fritz had recovered consciousness and were looking for him.

They both had been roughly shaken up and badly bruised, but otherwise had suffered no serious injury by their fall.

Jack questioned them and then explained the boat's condition.

By the time he got through the Flying Fish reached the foot of his grounds; Jack thanked the boatmen and, explaining that no one was hurt, he had his workmen pull the boat into the shop.

"It will take us a week to repair the damage," he told his friends. "but I don't mind that as long as we have all come out of the scrape with whole skins. Had we fallen from a greater height or not dropped into the water, I don't know what would have become of us!"

"Keelhaul me if I want ter try it!" said Tim, with a wry look.

"This youngster must have been born to get hung," laughed Jack as he picked the dark-faced little fellow up and carried him ashore.

They left the workshop and entered Jack's elegant house, when a servant announced a gentleman named Peleg Hopkins.

"What!" exclaimed Jack, in delight. "My old friend, the professor, here? Send him in at once. I'll be delighted to see him!"

It was the same man the gypsy queen had fooled.

He had gone on a voyage with Jack and his friends, and was therefore a very welcome guest among them now.

The boy laid the gypsy child on the sofa in his library, into which they had repaired, and when the professor came in they gave him a most cordial reception.

"So sorry I missed the trial trip, dear boy," said Hopkins, wiping his glasses; "but when I saw the accident which befell you I really cannot say I regretted it much, after all."

"Heavens, professor," said Tim, with a grin, "don't mention regrets, 'cause yer know very well as we all wishes yer wuz along with us!"

"Oxbecially when ve fell into der vater," modestly admitted Fritz.

"Aye, now; it made me think o' ther time I was aboard o' ther cannon-ball express, a-goin' at the rate o' sixty knots an hour atween Sailors' Snug Harbor an' Tompkinsville," said Tim. "That wuz a ride fer yer. We was a-goin' down grade, an' ther engine runned away. We went so fast that ther draught o' ther flyin' train tore up trees an' rocks, knocked down houses and telegraph poles, an' finally,

after traveling two hours, an' leavin' a path mowed down like a cyclone track——"

"Two hours, sixty miles an hour between Sailors' Snug Harbor and Tompkinsville?" asked the professor, with a suspicious look at Tim, and then he made a move to sit down on the sofa, when a yell from the gypsy child lying beneath caused him to jump up as if he was shot. "Great heavens!" he gasped, looking over his shoulder in astonishment at the child. "What's that—where did you get it?"

The diversion came just in time to stop Fritz flinging an ottoman at Tim for getting off such an infamous lie, and they all laughed.

Jack thereupon explained the matter to the professor.

Hopkins was very much amazed over the marvelous rescue, and warmly congratulated the boy.

"Do you know," said he, carefully examining the waif of the air, "that I have seen that child somewhere before?"

"Wasn't it among the gypsies in the woods?"

"Sure enough!" said the professor, with a start. "Now I recollect! It was the queen's child, my Christian friend. The last time I beheld the unfortunate little rascal he was lying upon a cushion at the tent entrance, while the mother told my fortune."

"Told your fortune? How superstitious of you, professor! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Oh, you may laugh, Wright, but that woman is a wonder!" said the professor emphatically. "She told me the most wonderful things, which I knew to be true, but of which she could most certainly have had no cognizance previously. Let me explain."

Jack listened to his narrative attentively.

"But I got no letter saying you was coming," said he, when Hopkins finished.

"You didn't?" queried the professor in surprise. Then he pondered a moment and burst out with: "By Jove! now I recollect, I didn't send it; forgot to mail it, dear boy. I remember finding the letter in my pocket and taking it out near the gypsy camp, and—but let me see—where did I put it?"

He felt in all his pockets, a blank look upon his face.

"It's lost!" he exclaimed presently.

"That explains the mystery, then," laughed Jack.

"What mystery?"

"The gypsy's knowledge of you and your affairs which she told in your fortune."

"How do you mean?"

"She must have found the letter, read it, and thus acquainted herself with your name, intentions and so forth, and simply repeated it to you."

"By thunder!" gasped the discomfited professor emphatically. "As she told me no more than she could have gleaned from the letter, I believe your theory is right, Jack!"

A general laugh followed this simple explanation of what had seemed a wonderful mystery to the learned professor.

"We can ascertain the truth when we return her child," said Hopkins, in deep mortification when he realized how clearly he had been duped.

"And that will be to-night," said Jack. "I suppose you will stay with us a while, professor?"

"I came expressly to make an aerial voyage with you in your new invention," replied Hopkins. "Have you planned a trip yet?"

"Then you must remain here," said Jack. "We have no definite views settled for the present, but I have no doubt that as soon as the boat is repaired I shall have an object arranged for a trip on the wing and in the air. In the meantime make yourself at home, sir."

A short time afterward a tasteful supper was served up, and as Jack had changed his clothes he wrapped the gypsy child up in a shawl, and, accompanied by Hopkins, they set out for the gypsy encampment in the woods.

CHAPTER V.

A GYPSY MOTHER'S GRATITUDE.

The moon and stars had arisen in the clear sky by the time Jack and Hopkins reached the woods bordering one side of the bay, with the gypsy child.

They pursued a dark, gloomy path bordered with a dense hedge, as Jack was perfectly familiar with every inch of the ground, and had just arrived at the most lonesome spot

when they became aware that there were stealthy footsteps following them.

Glancing back over his shoulder the boy's quick, keen eyes saw the shadowy figure of a man slinking along in among the bushes, like a phantom, and he nudged Hopkins and whispered:

"We are being followed, professor."

"Oh, heavens!" gasped Hopkins, who was a very timid man. "Where is he?"

"In back of us, lurking among those bushes."

"Do you suppose it is a robber?"

"Very likely a footpad."

"What shall we do?"

"Pay no attention to him."

"But he may kill us. Let us run."

"Not on your life! Keep right along with me."

The professor's teeth began to chatter, and he turned very pale, while he grasped Jack's coat with one trembling hand, and every few moments he cast a frightened glance backward over his shoulder.

"What did I venture to come for?" he groaned.

"Silence! Do you hear him coming now?"

"Yes—yes. The scoundrel is drawing nearer every moment."

"Don't you be afraid. He won't hurt us."

"Who's afraid?" said Hopkins indignantly. "I'm sure I ain't, for—oh, help! Murder! Police! Fire! Thieves! Save me! Spare me!"

Just then their pursuer came gliding up behind them and the sharp click of a pistol spring caused Hopkins to yell and fall on his knees.

Jack wheeled around and saw their pursuer close behind him with a pistol in his hand aimed at them.

"Silence, you old fool!" he hissed. "Do you want me to kill you?"

"Mercy on my soul!" gasped the professor. "He means murder, dear boy!"

"Well," coolly asked Jack of the man, "what do you want?"

"That bundle in your arms and your valuables!" replied the stranger.

"You are one of the gypsies, I see by your clothes, who are camped in these woods."

"That's neither here nor there!" snarled the man. "Shell out!"

"And if I refuse you mean to shoot me?" demanded Jack.

"That's the alternative."

"Blaze away, then!"

"What! Do you dare refuse?"

"Of course I do."

"You seal your own death warrant."

"Bosh! you can't hurt me."

"You'll see! Choar a chauvie!" (Rob that person!) he yelled. "Sellah jaw drom!" (Curse you, take the road!)

The man uttered a peculiar whistle as he spoke, and out from the shubbery started half a dozen more gypsies, surrounding Jack.

Every one of them held a pistol aimed at the boy.

"Stop!" yelled Hopkins, in agonized tones, as he raised his clasped hands beseechingly. "Don't fire, gentlemen! I'll give you all I've got!"

"Not if I know it!" said Jack grimly.

He unfastened the shawl from around the child and it began to cry.

Holding it up in plain view, at a spot where the moonlight streamed down through the trees, he held a pistol to its head and cried:

"If you don't clear out I'll blow this child's head off!"

"The queen's infant!" ran from mouth to mouth, as the dark-visaged men recognized it, in deep wonder.

Every one of them had seen the eagle carry the infant away, and they were now intensely astonished to see it safe back on land in Jack's hand, apparently uninjured.

It was to them a marvelous mystery.

At this juncture Zobeide appeared, attracted by the noise, and with one glance saw what was transpiring.

A wild, piercing shriek burst frantically from her lips when she beheld her child, so miraculously saved, in Jack's hands.

She and the whole tribe had long before given it up as dead, and she rushed forward into the circle of thieves, screaming:

"My child! My child!"

With outstretched arms she rushed toward Jack, but the

boy recoiled, and aiming his pistol at her, he said sternly: "Unless you drive those scoundrels away I shall kill it!"

"Give it to me! It is mine!" she shrieked fiercely.

Her savage ferocity was aroused to the pitch of madness at the fear of harm befalling her offspring, saved as it was, in a strange manner, from an almost certain death.

"Hold!" ringingly answered Jack. "Obey me, and you shall have it."

She paused, her bosom heaving tumultuously, her large, dark eyes glaring like live coals, and a terrible look on her face.

"Harm it at your peril!" she yelled, in a mad paroxysm.

"Listen!" replied Jack. "I just saved it from death, and I was bringing it back in safety to you when your men tried to rob us!"

That brought her to her senses.

She was stung by her followers' base ingratitude.

Knowing, therefore, that the babe was safe, she turned in a fury upon the men and raved like an insane person.

"Away with you! Away, I say, or my curse shall fall on every one! By the dawn of day ye shall all lie with throats cut from ear to ear!"

The awful tones she assumed sent a chill through Jack, and the men seemed to feel sure her dire threat would be kept, for like whipped dogs they slunk away, and one by one they disappeared into the bushes as mysteriously as they came.

In a moment Jack and Hopkins were alone with Zobeide, and the woman bounded forward with a glad cry; the boy placed her wailing child in her arms and she smothered it with kisses, caresses and the most extravagant terms of endearment, in the delirious joy pervading her over recovering her loved offspring.

It was some time before her impetuous overflow of exhilarated feelings abated, and the professor gingerly arose to his feet and kept warily and uneasily glancing furtively around at the rustling bushes, as if he half expected to see the robbers return.

As soon as the wild gypsy queen's joy had abated somewhat, she turned to Jack, and kissing his hand impulsively, again and again, while tears of gratitude streamed from her eyes, she said:

"I recognize you as the Wizard of Wrightstown, and while I am glad to the heart's core for the great good you have done me, I can only reward you with a mother's wondrous love and thanks."

"Don't mention it," bluntly said Jack.

"But, I pray you tell me," she pleaded, greatly mystified, "how was it possible that my child, carried into the heavens by a thievish eagle, and disappearing from our view in the air was saved?"

"You perhaps are aware that I invented a flying machine?"

"Ay, to-day we saw you ascend."

"During our flight we encountered the eagle, and wrested your child from its grasp in mid-air, after a battle."

"Wonderful! Strange! A miracle!" murmured Zobeide.

"It was unbecoming of your men to trespass upon my own ground, and here try to rob us," said Jack, "more especially as we were bent upon an errand of good to them. By to-morrow you must leave these grounds. If you are not gone by midday I shall have the men put under arrest."

"Pardon them," implored the queen, deeply mortified. "They are the worst of my tribe, and I blush with shame for them. Be assured that by to-morrow we will leave in shame and sorrow. I allow no robbery among my people if I can help it. But the men, unwatched, are bound to transgress. I deeply regret that we brought them from India with us."

"Then you come from India?"

"We are Egyptians, but we have been all over the world. I am educated. I had to be to tell fortunes; but it reminds me—if you are going to India with your strange balloonship I might show you how you could there gain a most wonderful fortune."

"A fortune?" questioned Jack interestedly.

"Buried far down out of reach of mankind within the crater of an extinct volcano, at the top of an almost inaccessible mountain."

"With my new boat access to such a place would be easy. But this fortune?"

"It is a great diamond mine, exposed by the action of the volcano in ancient times."

"How do you know, if it isn't accessible to mankind?" sharply asked Jack.

"My father, now dead, once ascended the crater top, and dropped by accident a piece of raw meat down into the volcano. A bird carried it up from the bottom, but, frightened by my father, dropped the meat. Adhering to it were a number of precious diamonds, uncut, but valuable. By repeating the experiment he gathered many more. Glancing down on a bright sunny day, he saw that the volcano bed was strewn with many more gems. He then left there."

"But why didn't he return for the rest?"

"Because a convulsion of nature by an earthquake made it impossible for mankind to reach the summit of the mountain again without some such contrivance as your airship, though there are millions of dollars worth of gems yet lying at the bottom of that extinct crater."

"And you have the secret of its location?" queried Jack eagerly.

"I have; and if it will show you my gratitude in a small way for what you have done, you may have it, and here it is."

As Zobeide said this she unfastened a large locket of gold from around her neck, handed it to Jack and glided away.

"But, I say, my good woman," said the professor, "how about the fortune you told me this even—Ha! She's gone!"

"And left a secret with me worth millions!" said Jack.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MOUNTAIN MINE OF INDIA.

It was too dark to examine the locket which the gypsy queen had placed in Jack's hand until they got out of the woods, and as they had no desire to meet the thieves again they hurried away.

The professor was an old traveler, and as they went along he said:

"If such a diamond mine exists outside of that nomad's imagination, my boy, you can depend that it will yield the biggest, purest and finest gems in the world, if it is located in India."

"Why," said Jack, "do you know anything about them?"

"I ought to, as I've been all through the diamond fields on the eastern side of the Deccan, from the Pennar River in 14 degrees north latitude to near the Stone, in Bundelkund, at 25 degrees north latitude. When I was there the southern mines were at Cuddapah, Karnul and Ellore, near the Kishna in Madras presidency. In this district some of the largest diamonds ever obtained were procured."

"How about the famous Golconda, sir?" queried Jack.

"It is only a fortress and ruined city, dear boy, situated in the Nizam's dominions, seven miles west of Hyderabad city. It was once a powerful kingdom, which arose on the downfall of the Bahamani dynasty. The diamonds of Golconda obtained great celebrity; they were, however, merely cut and polished there. The fortress is situated on a rocky ridge of granite, is very extensive, and contains many enclosures. It is strong and in good repair, but is commanded by the summits of the enormous and massive mausoleum of the ancient kings about 600 yards distant. These buildings are grouped in an arid, rocky desert. The fort is now the Nizam's prison and treasury."

"How do they get these Indian diamonds?"

"Chiefly in the recent deposits, beds of sand and clay, and in some places a ferruginous sandstone—very few in the original matrix. The upper strata of the beds is 18 inches of sand, gravel and loam; next there is a stiff deposit of black clay or mud, about four feet thick; and next the diamond bed, which is distinguished by a mixture of large, round stones, two or three feet thick, closely cemented together with clay. Hollow pits are there excavated a few feet in diameter, in such spots as the practice of the miner dictates. He sinks a few feet, searches the bed, and if not encouraged by a find, shifts his position to dig again."

Talking thus, they soon reached the town, and restraining their curiosity they proceeded at once to Jack's house.

Finding Tim and Fritz in the parlor, they told them what occurred, and Jack withdrew the big golden locket.

It looked very much like a plain, polished watch case, on which was engraved in old Egyptian characters:

Bura Rajah a Beenie Raunia.

It meant in the Hindustani gypsy tongue, The King to the Queen, and upon opening the locket, Jack saw that it contained a small circular piece of parchment just fitting the locket, upon which was inscribed in half-faded characters an inscription like this:

HIMMALEHS, THIBET.
Deodhunga Mountain Crater,
Khatmandu, Sikim, Tassisudon,
Diamonds.
29,002 feet.
Highest Known Mountain of the Globe.

There was nothing else written upon the parchment, and all of our friends were very much disappointed at the meager account.

Fritz and Tim, indeed, could not understand what the words meant until Jack said:

"There isn't must satisfaction to be gained from all we can learn here. The words at the top must mean that it is located in the Himalaya Mountains, separating Northern India from Thibet, and the crater of the mentioned Deodhunga lies above the city of Sikim, between Khatmandu and Tassisudon. The numerals define the height of the mountain, and, as the next line says, it is the biggest mountain in the world."

"Oh!" ejaculated the Dutch boy and the old salt in one breath.

"Truly, it's a disappointingly meager account," said the professor, with a very glum look crossing his narrow face.

"You recollect what Zobeide told us about her father finding the treasure?"

"Very well, indeed, my worthy youth, but we only have her word for it."

"Gypsies are such liars and general rogues," admitted Jack, "it is hard to trust them. Yet see how she guarded this paper. Would she do it if there wasn't any importance attached to it? Recollect how grateful she was to me. At such a moment she would not deceive or cheat her deadliest foe, for she was gushing with gratitude, and certainly wanted to repay me for saving her child's life. Hence I believe her."

"Wait," said the professor quietly. "Don't forget that this is the very highest mountain in the world, my boy. It rises high above the snow line, and its apex is in a region colder than that in which man can live. Mosses, berries, birch and barley are all that can grow there; bears, yak and Pamir sheep find it hard to live in such a frigid zone, and very few birds venture as high as the snow belt, fifteen thousand feet up."

"Isn't the snow line of Mount Everest, as Deodhunga is called, peculiar?"

"Much different than that of any other mountain," replied the professor, glancing at a globe. "The snow line on its north face begins at 20,000 feet height, while on the south it commences at less than 15,000."

"How do you account for the difference?"

"The action of the cold, strong north winds——"

"But there is another theory which I have, Mr. Hopkins."

"What do you allude to?"

"Volcanic action heating the mountain on the Thibet side."

"Perhaps you are right. Internal heat could keep the north side of the mountain free from snow all the way to the top, and give free passage to an explorer, if he desired to venture the climb up into the rare upper atmosphere which man finds so hard to breathe."

"You admit, then, that there may be some truth in the gypsy's verbal description and the evidence of this piece of paper?"

"Of course. We had better question her further to-morrow, however, for I see, Wright, that if this paper is genuine you contemplate making a trip across the sea to India, in search of this diamond mine."

"Such is the thought uppermost in my mind, sir."

"It is a long way to go, and a dangerous journey," said the professor cautiously, "and you may go chasing a phantom, for this mine with its impossible situation is very likely a myth. To attempt such a journey on the strength of such clues as these seems absurd."

"On the other hand," said Jack, "I am going to take a vacation and go on a long trip in my airship, both to thoroughly try it and enjoy myself with the hazardous adventures which generally arise from such a journey. Now, it don't make any difference to me if I go to India or the South Pole, except

that the former place is probably the easiest to reach. In order to have some object in view to liven up my trip, I'm going to let myself believe Zobeide's story and go in search of the fabulous treasure she has described."

"If you put it in that light, that's different," laughed the professor.

"We will simply call it a trip in search of adventure, that's all," said Jack; "and if we can manage to squeeze a round sum of money out of it, why, so much the better for our pocketbooks. Eh, boys?"

"I t'ink so, neider," grunted Fritz.

"Then yer a-goin' ter tack fer Indy?" queried Tim.

"Yes. Are you going with us, professor?"

"With all my heart, dear friend," replied Hopkins heartily.

The four friends soon afterward separated and retired for the night.

On the following morning after breakfast, Jack and Hopkins walked over to the woods to get details of the matter from the gypsy queen, but was disappointed to find that she and her tribe were gone.

Acting upon Jack's threat to have her friends arrested, she had broken up the camp the night previously, and they silently stole away in the darkness, and never were seen or heard of again anywhere near Wrightstown.

Jack sent messengers in every direction to find them, but to his disgust they returned without having found any trace of the nomads, so he had to abandon all hope of learning anything more about the diamond mine of the Himalayas.

The boy then directed his attention to repairing his boat.

The Flying Fish had been badly shattered by her fall into the water, and it was necessary to make duplicate parts of the broken machinery.

It occupied considerable time to do this, but he was ably assisted by his friends, and they managed at the end of two weeks to not only repair the airship, but to improve upon her.

Every defect which Jack had noticed about her during the trial trip was now remedied, and the cutter was a much better boat than she had been before the accident.

As soon as she was finished, they stocked her with provisions, equipments suited to the kind of a journey they purposed to go on, and with their business affairs in perfect order, they embarked.

The boat ran down the creek into the bay at nightfall, when the residents of the town were wrapped in slumber, and passing out on the rolling Atlantic she was headed for Europe.

With wings folded at her sides, helices unmovable, and her screw rapidly revolving, the air cutter shot through the watery element with the speed of a swordfish and the grace of a swan.

Jack and Tim were at the wheel, and Fritz and Hopkins lay in their bunks dreadfully seasick.

And as the gallant Flying Fish dashed through the moonlit waves the young inventor turned to the old sailor and said:

"I have a feeling that we are on our most dangerous cruise, Tim, but if we live to come back, we will all have a barrel of money, I am sure."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SUBMARINE VOLCANO.

Several days later the Flying Fish was off the coast of Portugal without having met with any incident worthy of description.

The professor was constantly taking notes of his observations, and when night's sable mantle fell upon the water he went out on deck with Jack and observed that the sea was vividly phosphorescent.

Wherever it was greatest the brine was colored as red as blood on the surface, and it contained such an immense quantity of little globules that it was as thick as syrup.

Hopkins took up a bucket of water, and filtering it through a piece of linen he found that it left a mass of globules greater in volume than the water that passed through.

He then viewed them through a magnifying glass, and showed Jack that they presented the appearance of little, transparent, inflated bladders, having on their surface black points.

They were the spawn of fish, and isolated from the water were highly phosphorescent, the least agitation making them throw out a greenish light, while the water they came from lost its vivid phosphorescence entirely.

"The sea holds in suspension a great variety of solid matter," said Hopkins. "In the first rank are fish which float in the liquid element as birds in the air, while other living creatures have to find a point of support on the submarine soil. The number of floating creatures is enormous, some species congregating in shoals that cover hundreds of square leagues of surface and extend several hundreds of feet thickness in depth."

"Has the volcanic nature of this district anything to do with it?" asked Jack as the experiment was concluded.

"Considerable, as there is always a disturbing influence going on that drives these masses together about here. The depth between the main and the Cape de Verde Islands averages 10,800 feet; but up from this enormous depth volcanic islands have burst forth in the course of one night."

"I'd like to see such a phenomena," said Jack.

There came a violent concussion below them just then.

"By Jove! you may have your wish gratified!" said Hopkins.

The boy glanced out and saw that the sea was violently agitated about a mile away on their starboard quarter.

The rumbling sounds under the water continued like the approach of distant thunder, vast numbers of bubbles began to arise to the surface, and the water changed color.

A shock rattled the Flying Fish as if she had struck a rock, from an earthquake which had occurred at the bottom.

Within a moment a column of dense black smoke began to arise, and an immense tidal wave suddenly swelled up and went rushing away to the northward, the suction it left behind perceptibly dragging the cutter after it.

"Veer away to the southward!" shouted Jack.

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied Tim, who held the wheel.

The boy saw that if they did not drag the boat away from the influence of the wave its undertow would pull them directly upon the center of the volcanic action!

Once over the eruption the boat would be torn to pieces.

As the cutter swung around they saw that the sea began to boil, disseminating a fearful heat, which was transmitted to the metal hull of the boat and held by it.

This heat quickly became intensified.

"If the boat gets much hotter," said Jack, in alarm, "we won't be able to stand it upon her. Put on full speed, Tim!"

"Heaven save ye, I've got full power on, but she don't make any headway agin this awful current a-pullin' us in ther opposite direction!" the old sailor cried, greatly alarmed.

The Flying Fish still kept going backward, drawing dangerously near to the fearful column of smoke.

It had now increased in volume, white smoke mingling with the black, the subterranean rumblings continuing like the discharges of artillery, while thousands of dead fish were seen floating about.

Flames of vivid fire now made openings in the sea, whence issued showers of ignited cinders and stones that shot thousands of feet into the air and fell leagues away.

Streaks of dazzling fire now mingled with the thick cloud of smoke vomited from the sea, with cinders and pumice of such intensity that at a distance of ten miles objects were perfectly plain and a sulphurous, gassy odor filled the air.

Terrestrial volcanoes and earthquakes are nearly always re-echoed from the bottom of the sea, by which our friends inferred that a similar disturbance must then be taking place somewhere on the land.

The noise around the boat was now deafening, and our friends were becoming so uncomfortably hot that their alarm increased.

"It is impossible to move the boat against that current!" said the professor, who was fearfully frightened, and stood out on deck.

"Then we have but one course to pursue," said Jack.

"And that?"

"Flight!"

"Sure enough!"

"Let me take the wheel, Tim!"

The boy took command of the boat, and turning several of the levers he put the helices and the forward wings in motion.

As soon as they began to whirl a whistling and oscillating took place, the bow of the boat began to arise from the sea, and pointing skyward at an angle, the cutter shot up from the hot sea into the air, dripping with water.

They were only just in time, for the Flying Fish was rapidly being drawn toward the fiery volcano.

"Hurry!" yelled the terrified professor, dropping on his trembling knees, his face as pale as death. "In one minute we will perish!"

Tim and Fritz came on deck and rushed aft, watching the flames.

Jack retained his coolness and forced the boat to mount faster.

Up into the sky mounted the boat, like a bird, and plunging into the dense smoke she suddenly vanished from the startled gaze of the crew on a distant ship, who were watching the phenomena.

Up, up, up ascended the Flying Fish, still at an angle, until she passed out of the sulphuric smoke of the submarine volcano and entered into the cool upper atmosphere.

Then again our friends breathed freely.

Reaching an altitude of a thousand feet from the sea, Jack slackened the speed of the helices until they revolved just fast enough to hold them at their present height.

He then started the after-screw and sternmost wings.

The Flying Fish assumed a level keel and darted ahead.

In a few minutes the terrifying volcano was below them and far astern, the cutter was in a pure current of air and they made rapid progress to the eastward.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Hopkins, arising, his fears relieved. "We are safe. Dear boy, you are to be complimented for your prompt action."

"I knew very well we wasn't going to go upon the volcano," laughed Jack. "The tidal wave's undertow had greater strength than the boat, though. Fritz, the danger is over, so give us our supper."

"Donner vetter! I vhas yust sayin' me mine brayers," said Fritz.

"Yer'd oughter!" Tim exclaimed. "Thar never wuz a Dutchman yet as didn't have a lot ter answer fer, an' more 'specially you!"

Fritz picked up a belaying-pin and chased Tim inside.

While his three friends were eating, Jack remained at the wheel, and glancing up at the patent log he saw that the cutter was speeding smoothly along at the rate of fifty geographical miles an hour, in a current of wind blowing stiffly from West to East.

In a short time the boy discerned a cluster of lights below.

They shone upon the Portuguese coast in the city of Lagos on the Cape St. Vincent, and from there he headed the cutter for Tangiers in Africa to follow the 35th parallel.

The boat was over 5,000 miles from its destination, and it would occupy about four or five days more to complete the distance without stops, at their present rate of speed.

It had been Jack's intention to follow the Mediterranean to the Suez Canal and go down through the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean; but he now changed his mind, as there were too many delays to be met with on the surface of the water.

The moon soon burst out and lighted up the sparkling blue Mediterranean, upon the surface of which the boy could just distinguish the outlines of steamers and ships, while along the coast line clusters of bright lights could be seen showing the situation of cities on the Spanish and Morocco shores.

Nothing could work better than the machinery of the boat and she proceeded with a stiffness unequalled when on the sea.

The professor relieved the boy at the wheel presently and he had his supper, after which cigars were produced and Jack played euchre in the cabin with Tim and Fritz until it was time to turn in for their trick in berths.

When the next day dawned the boat had made five hundred miles, and was sweeping over the Gulf of Lyons on the French coast.

Jack had just finished his breakfast and was sauntering toward the pilot-house when Tim's voice pealed out in sharp accents:

"Ahoy, Jack, lad, come this way—quick!"

"What do you see?" demanded the boy, hastening in.

"Look yonder—thar goes a balloon!"

"By Jove! And see, Tim, the two men struggling in the car!"

"It's a case o' murder! See ther big lubber wi' a dagger! He's a-tryin' ter stab ther leetle chap! Oh, heavens, he mus' be crazy!"

A short distance away there was a large balloon with a wicker-work car in which two men were fighting for their lives.

"Head the boat for the balloon!" said Jack. "See if we can't overtake them and save that man's life!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRAGEDY IN MID-AIR.

Caught in a strong current of wind a few yards below the Flying Fish, the balloon was careering as it was swept along, several of the ropes of the net broken and flying, and the two inmates of the car struggling to overcome each other.

Both of them were Frenchmen.

The biggest man was armed with a long-bladed dagger, and while he held his opponent back by the throat with his disengaged hand, he raised his weapon to strike his victim.

In one moment the cruel point would pierce the bosom of the unfortunate fellow and cause his immediate death.

But quicker to act than the murderous wretch, Jack drew a pistol, which he always carried, from his pocket, aimed at the man and fired.

Like the magazine gun, this weapon was noiseless.

But when the bullet burst it gave out a very loud report, and striking the man's knife hand, shattered it to fragments.

A yell of despair pealed from the frantic fellow.

He held aloft his handless wrist, glared at it with bulging eyes and released the other man, recoiling to the other side of the swaying basket.

This was no sooner done when his victim regained his feet, and picking up a revolver from the floor, aimed it at him.

"It is my turn now, monsieur!" he shouted in French.

"Eack! Back with you!" screamed the wounded man, in maniacal tones. "If you dare to fire I shall spring from the car!"

With his uninjured hand he caught hold of one of the ropes and swung himself up on the edge of the basket with cat-like agility.

"Jump, then!" cried the other, in deadly tones. "You thought that by luring me up with you on this aerial flight you might take my life for winning for my wife the girl you loved. But, Jules Gaspard, I knew what your intentions were ere I came, and was not only prepared for you, but eager for this duel. Your turn has passed; it is now mine. Prepare to die, sir!"

"Spare me!" implored the other.

"Never! You sought this battle and have failed."

"Mercy! Give me an even chance for my life!"

"You have had it. Prepare for death!"

A groan pealed from the big man's lips, for he saw the deadly weapon pointed straight at his heart.

Just then the whistling sound of the helices caught their ears, and the big man glanced up with a violent start, beheld the airship and uttered a wild exclamation.

His eyes bulged, his lips parted and he shuddered.

"A visitation from the demon!" he shrieked.

Alarmed, the other man glanced around at the whirling boat and was as much startled to see it as his enemy was.

But he was thrown off his guard for an instant and the tigerish glance of the big man observed it at once.

With a spring he pounced upon his victim again and knocked the pistol from his hand.

But the younger man swung him around and fixing a desperate clutch upon him he gave him a fling.

With a crash he struck the ropes and burst through.

Out of the basket he fell, uttering a shriek.

He flung out his hand and caught hold of the edge of the basket.

There he hung for a few moments, moaning in heartrending tones, but he was weak from his wound and all the vitality fled from the remaining hand.

He let go.

Down through the air he shot, like a thunderbolt.

A shiver of horror swept over the spectators, for by this time the cutter was close to the balloon.

Down he fell, and his body struck the waters of the gulf and disappeared forever beneath the waves.

He was dead ere he reached the water.

As soon as the balloon was relieved of his weight it mounted higher in the atmosphere, with a bound, and sailed along on a level with the Flying Fish.

Every word of the dialogue had been heard and understood by Jack, who had learned several foreign languages.

"Help! help!" shouted the balloonist, upon seeing human beings on the ship.

"Are you in trouble yet?" cried Jack, in French, as he graduated the cutter's speed to keep even with the silken bag.

"The valve rope is broken within the balloon!" was the reply.

"He can't let out the gas and descend," said Jack.

"Wot's ter be did ter help him?" queried Tim.

"That's the question. I say," added the boy, in French, "cut the bag!"

"It won't do any good—the balloon's afire!" was the despairing reply.

And so it was, as Jack observed a moment afterward.

There was no time to lose if he wished to save the unfortunate fellow, so he lowered the boat a few feet below the car and cried, in French:

"Drop down upon our deck!"

The stranger did so, and the balloon darted up high in the sky when lightened, enveloped in a mass of flames.

Jack saw that the Frenchman was a stylishly dressed young fellow of twenty, with a blond mustache and reddish colored hair.

He was very pale, and bled from innumerable wounds inflicted by his late adversary during their thrilling struggle.

The young inventor went out to meet him.

"You are to be congratulated on your escape," said the boy.

"Monsieur, I hope heaven will bless you for thus rescuing me from the hand of that fiendish madman," replied the stranger, deeply agitated.

"You and he were foes?"

"The bitterest."

"How came he to inveigle you up in the balloon?"

"Oh, he is a professional aeronaut, and made the ascent from Marseilles, where we both come from. We had a standing challenge to fight a duel, and, to avoid the authorities' interference, I agreed to go up in the balloon to settle our difficulty when he made his public ascension this morning."

"Ah! it was a prearranged matter?"

"It was; but, unfortunately, before we were fifty feet from the earth my enemy became a raving maniac, and, suddenly attacking me before I could defend myself, we became engaged in a fierce fight. In my desperation I jerked the valve rope to let out gas so we could descend, when it snapped in two within the globe and left me a helpless victim in his hands. Had you not arrived at the moment you interfered, I would most certainly have been a mangled corpse."

"You wish to descend again, I presume?"

"Such is my most anxious wish, monsieur."

"You shall do so, but it will be far from your home."

"That does not signify to me, as I have plenty money to travel back."

"Very well. Tim, lower the cutter to the earth."

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered Topstay, slackening the revolutions of the helices.

The stranger cast a look of curiosity around and then asked:

"Isn't this an aerostat of some kind, monsieur?"

"It is a flying ship of my own invention."

"Marvelous! It does not seem possible it could be invented."

Jack shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Greater wonders than this boat exist," he replied.

The young Frenchman was exhausted and unstrung by the fearful ordeal he passed through, and looked as if he would faint.

Jack brought him inside and braced him up with a glass of liquor.

His amazement increased when he beheld the interior arrangement of the airship, and he expressed his open admiration of its mechanism in glowing terms, and thanked Jack again and again.

He then tendered the boy his card and begged him to call upon him at any time, when everything would be done to make it as pleasant as possible for him and his friends.

The card bore the name of Pierre Fontaine, Marquis of Herault.

By this time the cutter reached the earth, and Tim turned a lever which shot out four flanges, concealed in the hull of the boat, upon which the Flying Fish landed with a gentle shock.

They were in an open field near a big lake and not many miles from the sea coast, in a district unknown to any of them.

It was, in fact, in the department of Nice, near Theinners.

and here Pierre Fontaine took leave of Jack and his friends, and a passing countryman directed him on his way.

The cutter mounted into the air as soon as he was gone, and at a height of fifteen hundred feet shot out over the sea again and headed for the island of Corsica, over which she fled toward Sicily, and thence she made a bee-line for Arabia.

Twelve hundred miles were made in one day from the time they passed the Italian island, and Mount Sinai arose before their view on the borders of the headwaters of the Red Sea.

Jack's course was now along the 30th parallel.

With the Dead Sea and the ruins of Babylon on the left, the cutter shot off for the Persian Gulf, the declining sun beautifying the scene with its golden rays.

Fritz was at the wheel, and Jack stood out on deck viewing the rolling landscape of hill and dale below, with a powerful glass.

He saw a horseman flying across the plain toward a ruin, a female in the saddle before him and a troop of wild, mounted Arabs in pursuit.

Away the man dashed at breakneck speed, but the gaily bedecked and howling horde in pursuit rapidly gained on him, firing shot after shot from their long guns at the desperate fugitive.

"It's a white man!" exclaimed the boy after a keen scrutiny. "And it's a white girl he is trying to save. Heaven help him! Fritz! Fritz!"

"Vot iss?" demanded the Dutch boy, who witnessed the thrilling scene.

"Drive the boat to the ground, and, by heavens, we will save those people!" cried the boy, in ringing tones of determination.

CHAPTER IX.

OUTWITTING THE BEDOUIN.

It was over the plateau of Nedjid the band of nomads were sweeping like an avalanche after the horseman and the woman, from which location Jack at once concluded they were Bedouins.

The deserts of Arabia, and especially this plateau, is their central place of abode of these independent, lawless thieves.

Moreover, he saw that they were all armed with lances and guns, wore haikhs—long, wide garments fastened on their heads and descending to their feet, and burnouses, or large mantles.

Well made men, lean, sinewy and active, with brown skin, and violent passions, they were shouting and yelling as they went thundering over the plain in pursuit of their prey, so intent upon their work that they did not notice the airship bearing down on them from above.

Every shot they fired was plainly heard by Jack and his friends, as sounds rise to a great distance.

Fritz managed the boat most admirably, for she descended without causing her inmates any uneasy feeling, and went sweeping along behind the Bedouins like a great bird.

Down, down, down she shot, when Jack grasped a long line and made a slipnoose in the end of it.

Bang! went a shot.

It was fatal.

The fugitive's horse fell.

He looked like an English cavalry soldier.

Out from the saddle he fell, with the girl clutched in his arms, but alighting upon his feet he started to run.

Bang! came another shot.

A cry pealed from the brave fellow's lips.

Struck in the back, the shot had pierced his heart.

He dropped the girl, flung up his arms and fell dead.

With wildest yells, and the thunder of hoofs, the wild horde came dashing on at breakneck speed, bearing straight upon the terrified girl.

She was less than twenty, and wore a blue dress, a sailor hat, and had a remarkably pretty face.

Her starting eyes were fastened in horror upon the wild riders of the desert, her clasped hands pressed to her bosom and her lips parted to give utterance to a shriek.

They were almost trampling her down now.

Jack's heart sank.

He saw they would reach her before he could.

With a despairing effort he swung the lasso around his head and let the unfolding coils fly with a scream.

The noose fell over the girl's shoulders and he jerked it tight.

"Up!" he shrieked. "Quick!"

Obediently Fritz sent the cutter flying skyward.

Jack hauled in the rope.

The girl was jerked up in the air over the astonished Bedouins' heads toward the boat, and they swept by under her.

There she swung like a clock pendulum, and a shriek of terror pealed from her lips at finding herself in such a strange position.

Then the Arabs reined in their fiery steeds, glanced up, saw the cutter, and recoiled with yells of the most intense dismay.

Mohammedans, these descendants of Ishmael were superstitious.

In the boat they saw a strange spirit descending from the heavens to punish them; but the Marahout in their company, fearing he might lose prestige, yelled that it was nothing but a bird come to rescue the girl, and implored them to fire at her.

Having true belief in their priest's words, they leveled a score of gleaming spears at the girl's pendant body and let drive.

The boat was ascending, and sweeping away faster than the flying weapons came, however, and they fell short of their mark.

Besides, Jack was hauling the line in rapidly, hand over hand, and bringing the girl up to the deck out of danger.

Within a moment he had her up to the rail.

"Courage!" he cried cheerfully.

"Human beings!" she gasped, in amazement.

Bang! bang! came a volley of gunshots, but by this time Jack had helped the girl safely to the deck, and the bullets rattled harmlessly against the metal shell of the boat and rebounded again.

"Are you hurt?" queried Jack.

"I haven't even the likes of a scratch!" she replied.

"You are lucky," said Jack, inferring that she was Irish.

"I am that. But where am I entirely?"

"Safe on a flying ship."

"Sure, that's a mighty queer kind of a ship, isn't it?"

"Rather. Who was killed?"

"As brave a lad as ever left England. He was escorting me from Koucet to El Katif, where I'm after living with my father, who is in the coffee business there, when along came those Bedouins, shoots me horse from under me and gives us pursuit. I'm sorry he's dead."

Just then Tim came out with several hand grenades.

"Beg parding, sir, but kin I sock 'em with these?" he asked, saluting.

"Drop a dozen among the beggars!" said Jack.

He saw that the girl was very nervous over her adventure, and asking her inside, he set about to revive her courage.

Tim stumped over to the railing, spit on his hand and let a bomb fly in the midst of the nomads below.

It burst with a loud report, and knocked several over.

"Trim in yer main sheets thar, goldurn yer buttons!" the old sailor roared. "Look out fer yer upper riggin'—thar's a howlin' cyclone up here, an' I'm a-goin' ter carry away yer sails fore an' aft, I am! Thar's another fur ye!"

Down went a second grenade.

A fearful report followed, scattering death and destruction in its path, and the now terrified Arabs scattered like chaff before the wind.

Bang! bang! bang! thundered three more of the bombs.

With every explosion one or more of the Bedouins fell.

Tim was delighted at the havoc he created.

He had well avenged the ruthless murder of the poor soldier, and he did not pause in his fusillade until all the bombs were used up.

By that time the cutter had ascended high in the air again, and Jack ordered Fritz to steer for the distant town of El Katif, where the Irish girl lived, just faintly to be seen in the distance.

Within a short time the boat arrived above it and was lowered in the principal square to the ground.

Its arrival was witnessed by all the inhabitants, and the natives became filled with superstitious fear.

Some fell flat on their faces, bowing their heads to the ground, others raised a great outcry, and fled in all directions, a portion hastily hid themselves and began to pray, while the more venturesome came rushing toward the boat on all sides to find out what it was.

A scene of the most intense excitement ran through the strange old town, and a fearful uproar resounded.

Jack led the girl to an accommodation ladder, and helping her to alight to the ground, she thanked him in the warmest terms.

"I shall be after never forgetting your kindness," she said, gratefully, as she shook hands with him. You have saved my life, sir."

"My reward lies in having been successful in doing so," gallantly replied the boy, doffing his hat to her politely.

"Poor Ned Howard! I'll tell his commanding officer at the garrison how he died to save me, heaven rest his soul! It's sorry I am that I had to go to Koucet for me father on business. Yet I've often done it before without trouble. I knew Ned, and met him there just ready to return here, and gladly availed myself of his offer of escort. But see how fatally it ended for him. Then you won't call on my father?"

"I have no time. I must wish you good-by now. See what a crowd is rushing this way. I must escape them."

He returned to the boat and ordered Fritz to start the boat, when up she soared into the air before the gaze of the amazed Arabians, who paused, wonder-struck, to view her.

Higher and higher the boat arose to the sky, and soon it looked like a mere speck to the amazed people thronging the street.

Jack watched the town until it faded from view, and seeing that the boat kept steadily ascending, he walked over into the pilot-house and saw that Fritz wore a scared look.

"What are you raising her so high for?" he asked.

Glancing at the barometer, he saw that the humidity was increasing rapidly, while the height gauge registered a thousand feet.

It was rapidly getting very cold, too.

"I couldn't vhas helb id!" stammered Fritz, turning red in the face.

"You can't help it? That's queer," said Jack, in surprise.

"Och! don'd yer see vot vhas habbened?"

"No."

"I turned dot lever dere——"

"Well?"

"Und dot handle vhas proke off short!"

"Great heavens!"

The lever handle in question was the one regulating the speed of the helices, and it was snapped in two so close to the switchboard that it was impossible to stop the continued ascent of the boat without making a new lever and removing the broken part.

This would occupy considerable time.

Meanwhile the boat would continue to rapidly ascend into the heavenly realms and probably keep on until they got up into a region so rare that they could not live to breathe it.

Jack realized their danger at once.

"Unless I can repair this damage we are doomed!" he exclaimed, his face turning as pale as death.

CHAPTER X.

THE HIGHEST ASCENT EVER MADE.

Jack pressed a button and a large gong began to rapidly and loudly reverberate throughout the cutter.

Tim and the professor hurried into the pilot-house.

"What's the matter?" hastily asked Hopkins, in alarmed tones.

"We are shooting up into the air a hundred feet a minute."

"What!" gasped Hopkins.

"Look at that gauge and see for yourself," replied Jack.

"True! true!"

The boy then explained what the accident was that occurred.

"I have got to make a new lever!" he exclaimed, in ending his story. "Stay here to help me."

"Very well."

The boy opened a tool-box, and withdrawing some implements, he rapidly set to work upon the switchboard.

"What are the registers?" queried Jack, as he worked.

"The temperature of the air is 59 degrees, and the dew-point 48," the professor replied, glancing up at the glass case.

"What time is it?"

"Six o'clock."

"Our height?"

"Seven thousand feet."

"Tim!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Close all the doors and windows."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Fritz!"

"Yah."

"Start the electric heaters."

"Yah," said Fritz, obeying by turning a lever.

Jack got the broken piece of lever out, and the chill which was stealing over the interior of the boat began to diminish as a congenial heat stole through the boat from the radiators.

The boy then began to make a new lever, and after an interval asked:

"What is our height now, Hopkins?"

"Sixteen thousand feet," replied the professor, studying the gauges.

"The temperature?"

"It has fallen to 32 and the dew-point to 26."

"How long is the interval?"

"Ten minutes."

The boy worked away like a steam engine, and the boat shot up into a bank of clouds measuring 1,200 feet in thickness, and moved and spirated so fast that they could scarcely see the kind they were.

The upper surface of the clouds were not uniformly level like the under sides seen from below, but were of a conical or pyramidal shape, and the imposing masses seemed to precipitate themselves upon the earth as if to engulf it.

A buzzing began in the aeronauts' ears, and kept increasing, and they experienced a pain such as is felt by suddenly plunging the head into ice cold water.

Their chests seemed dilated, and failed in elasticity; their pulses quickened, the veins stood out, strongly marked on their hands, and the blood ran to their heads, making them feel as if their hats were too tight.

The thermometer continued to descend, and as they mounted higher their illness increased, and a drowsy feeling began to assail them.

"There is no electricity coming from the conductors or the electrometer," said the professor. "The galvanic flame seems more active, and the voltaic pile of sixty couples of silver and zinc gives only five-sixths of a degree on the indicator."

Jack glanced out the window upon which hoar frost began to gather in fanciful figures, and saw that the air below was so pure that everything could readily be seen, although much diminished by the distance they were from the earth.

The towns faded from sight, and the Persian Gulf looked like a ribbon.

The boy resumed his work harder than ever, then asked:

"What is our height now?"

"Five miles. Air temperature is 8 and dew-point minus 36 degrees."

"Twenty-six thousand feet!" muttered the boy. "Outside one could hardly see the fine column of mercury in the tube or the fine divisions of the scale."

"I notice," remarked the professor, "that the temperature of the air does not decrease uniformly with the increase of our height. In fact, the decrease in the first mile is double that of the second and four times as great as that of the fifth mile. Above the lower clouds an extraordinary dryness prevails up here."

"Have you noticed any sounds?"

"We passed a storm cloud, and at 22,000 feet above it I heard a thunderclap."

Jack lapsed into silence again, his file rasping away, and he rapidly completed the lever and began to adjust it.

"Twenty-nine thousand feet! The height of Mount Everest, where the diamond mine lies," said the professor, suddenly reading the indicator.

Despite the electric heat an uncomfortable chill filled the boat, for they were at a region of intense rarity—nearly six miles high—a region of intense stillness to which no sound penetrated.

"Tim!" exclaimed the boy, "bring out our furs."

"Ay, ay, sir! I've got 'em. Here yer are."

Jack put on a heavy sealskin, thickly lined ulster.

"That's better," said he as his friends followed his example, for they were getting stiff and numb with the cold.

"Makes me think o' when I wuz searchin' for ther North Pole on ther Berry expedition," said Tim, with chattering

teeth. "We got pinched by ther ice, an' sot out wi' dog sledges. All o' my messmates dropped, frozen, by ther way. I pushed on, however, an' reached it."

"The North Pole?" queried the professor.

"Ay, sir; an' wot's more, I climbed up it an' nailed ther Stars an' Stripes at ther top, started back, thawed out my messmates on a bonfire, an', would yer b'lieve it——"

"No, sir, I wouldn't!" emphatically said the professor, who divined at last that Tim was lying like fury.

"Then I won't tell you the rest!" growled the old sailor.

At this moment Jack, having completed the new lever, put it on and found that it fitted perfectly.

He reversed it and glancing at the gauge saw that it now marked a height of 50,000 feet from the earth.

It was the highest ascent ever made by human beings.

The helices kept warm by their own friction, else the bitter cold might have cracked them like pipe-stems.

As soon as the boy slackened speed the Flying Fish began to descend, when Jack saw one end of the boat suddenly sag at the bow.

He gave a start of alarm, glanced around and observed that one of the big helices up forward had stopped revolving.

The boat began to drop heavily off at an angle, then.

A second glance explained the trouble.

The electric wire had got caught in one of the levers and broke.

Unless it was repaired the boat was apt to shoot off downward at an acute angle, to their danger, and get them in trouble below.

"I'll go out and fix it," said the boy, putting on a fur cap and rubber gloves. "Here, Fritz, mind the wheel."

He opened the door and passed out into the raw cold, through which the sun was shining down like an electric light.

The entire boat was covered with ice and frost.

Despite the heavy clothing he wore, Jack felt a terrible chill pass over him, and he hurriedly procured a ladder, dragged it over the slanting deck to the helix post, and ascended.

To repair the wire required time.

A fearful sleepy feeling attacked the boy at once, but he bravely fought it off and went on with his work.

The broken wire was joined again, and Jack descended to the deck, the helix revolving and the boat straightening.

She was going down two thousand feet a minute now.

Jack then attempted to walk to the pilot-house, but his legs refused to move—they were stricken powerless.

He then tried to move his arms, but they, too, were helpless.

Then he shook his body, but seemed to have no legs or arms, and his head fell over upon his right shoulder and he sank to the deck.

He seemed to have power in the back of his neck and the muscles in his back, but none in his limbs whatever.

Then an intense black mist arose before him.

The optic nerve had suddenly lost its strength, blinding him, yet all this time, despite the loss of power, his brain was clear and active.

Jack had a feeling as if death were stealing upon him, but he could not speak any more than he could move, and he had a fearful longing to go to sleep.

A serene, placid look spread over his face, without the least earnestness or anxiety, and he began to doze into unconsciousness.

It all happened so quickly his friends did not suspect what a fearful lethargy was stealing over him, nor did they see that he had involuntarily fallen down.

When they did observe him he was choking.

His breath was coming and going in long, painful gasps and groans, and he lay stretched out on his back with closed eyes, spread fingers, and one of his legs drawn up.

It was a fatal stupor that overcame him.

If it lasted it was sure to end in death.

His friends saw him, and Tim gave a cry of alarm, and came hobbling out into the bleak air to his side.

He knelt there and peered into Jack's face, which was turning black.

A terrible cry pealed from the old sailor's pale lips as he recoiled from Jack's side, and he yelled frantically:

"Oh, my heavens! He is dead!"

And lifting the boy up in his arms he carried him in out of the cold.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEVIL WORSHIPPERS.

It was only the deadly exposure and fatal coma of the rare air and intense cold that overpowered Jack, and he came to his senses when the cutter got down in the lower atmosphere again.

His friends were bathing his body in brandy, and he was none the worse for his adventure when they neared the ground.

The first question he asked when he revived was:

"How high up did we go?"

"Fifty thousand one hundred and sixty feet—about nine and a half miles," answered Hopkins.

"Wonderful!" muttered the boy. "It's the greatest altitude ever made."

"One-sixth of the thickness of the atmospheric envelope which surrounds the earth," said the professor. "The centre of gravitation is sixty miles deep. Beyond that there is no air—only empty space—a blank, dark, cold void, in which the heavenly bodies float in infinite space."

The darkness of night was settling down.

They were soaring eight hundred feet from the ground as the airometer indicated, and below them were the lights of Kedje in Beloochistan, lying between Persia and Hindostan, off to the right darkly gleamed the broad expanse of Afghanistan.

They were yet fifteen hundred miles from Mount Everest but had crossed over the Bushkerd range, now far astern of them.

By midnight three hundred more miles were covered and they went over the highest peaks of the mountains of the Indus, the great river of the same name on the border line winding like a great serpent below them, showing that they were at last soaring above India in the vicinity of Shikarpoor.

When daylight came they were passing over the great sandy desert of Ajmeer, 500 miles in extent, a dry, alluvial spot upon which the sun darted its burning rays scorchingly.

A small oasis appeared, rich in vegetation compared to the dried-up look of the surrounding country, and Jack lowered the boat toward it.

"Our water supply is running short," he remarked. "and I have heard that fairly good fluid comes from the springs gushing up in these oases. We can replenish our casks here."

"Ay, now, an' thar's a Hindoo caravan thar ahead o' us," said Tim, pointing down at several elephants and men who were gathered in a group among the green vegetation as if to rest from the hot rays of the sun after a weary journey.

"Dey must been used ter seein' den kinds of airships like dis vun," said Fritz, "'cause dey don't vhas been afraid or mofe deirself alretty."

The boat alighted on the dried-up grass that covered a large tract of the plains, a short distance from the oasis, and came to a pause with a slight shock.

None of the men who were lying about the oasis moved but the elephants arose and stood looking at the boat in trembling fear.

Jack and Fritz armed themselves, and descending from the boat made their way into the oasis and up to the men.

"Why—look at the gaunt, famished look on their faces—the poor wretches appear to be half dead," said the boy, pityingly.

"Vat dey vhas—Arabians?"

"No—they look like Rajputs, and are Mussulmen, or Parsee merchants."

One of the natives raised a faint cry, and said in his native tongue:

"Water! Water! Allah, il Allah! We are dying of thirst!"

Jack understood him and gave a violent start.

"Is there none here?" he asked in the same language.

"None. The well is dry. We arrived here nearly dead. Now we will die, for it is several days since we have had a drop to drink."

"Vot iss dot he dolt yer?" queried Fritz, who did not understand it.

"The case is serious. They are perishing of thirst."

"Vhey dey don't cut open dem elephants, und trink de water in deir bellies?"

"They are evidently too weak to arise. Fetch them some water from the boat and in the meantime I will question them, Fritz."

The Dutch boy hastened away and Jack soon learned that the unfortunates were journeying from Ramburgh to Buha-walpoore, became lost on the desert, and had only just found the oasis, when the discovery was made that it was dried up.

Fritz returned with a can of water presently, and giving some to them, he instilled new life in their veins.

It was the last drop of water they had, but Jack felt confident that he could produce all they wanted.

"We will bombard the sky and make it rain," said he to Fritz. "We have got to have water ourselves. Go back to the boat and get the others to bring out the balloons, rockets, mortars and kites. I'll startle and relieve these men, too."

Fritz had no sooner gone when one of the Hindoos uttered a cry.

"Fly! Fly for your lives!" he shrieked, wildly.

"What is the matter?" asked Jack, in surprise.

"Look yonder to the eastward."

"I only see a cloud of dust. What is it—a sandstorm?"

"No; worse! It is a band of devil worshippers!"

"The deuce! What are they?"

"Can't you see the horsemen now?"

"Yes."

"They are Khonds!"

Jack gave a nervous start upon hearing this dread name, for he knew that this tribe had preserved completely the primitive religion of Hindostan.

Forced into the jungles, mountains and deserts by the victorious advance of the Aryan race from the northwest, they have preserved, in their almost inaccessible retreats the grim religion that prevailed in the peninsula before Brahminism was heard of.

The Khonds sacrifice only to malignant deities such as Siva the Destroyer, the goddess Kali, and the God of the Earth whom they seek to propitiate by human sacrifice, principally children, who, however, were not taken from their own race, but were kidnapped from neighboring tribes.

"How do you know they are Khonds?" asked Jack.

"They attacked us, but we escaped them yesterday."

"Of course they now see us here?"

"They have the eyes of hawks."

"And will murder you?"

"As surely as the sun rises."

"Then come aboard of my boat of the air and I will save you."

"Is it safe?"

"Have no fear. It is mortal, made by my own hands."

Thus reassured, the men consented to go, and driving their elephants over beside the boat they got aboard.

There were a dozen of them, all men of high caste, with regular features, long heads, brunette skin, oval faces, eyes and hair dark and admirably proportioned bodies.

They were peaceful, inoffensive men, entirely unlike the Khonds, who were wont to live by plunder, bursting out of the jungles upon their victims like tigers, and committing the most frightful excesses.

The desert robbers were mounted on beautiful steeds, and came trooping along like an avalanche, fifty strong, their bright weapons glittering in the sunlight, their banners floating in the breeze, and the gay comparisons of their mounts gaudy in the extreme.

The frightened Parsees, as the refugees turned out to be, were stowed away inside, and Jack hastily called out his friends, when they all put on suits of mail made of aluminum, as light as cardboard and stronger than steel, which safely protected them from injury and lent them the appearance of ancient knights.

Arming themselves with weapons of Jack's own invention, that fired explosive shells by pneumatic pressure, with ten times the force of gunpowder, they arranged themselves on deck and awaited a near approach of the devil worshippers.

Probably surprised at the looks of the air cutter, the Khonds came rushing helter-skelter and fired a volley with their long Arabian muskets and long-barreled pistols.

The shots struck our friends and hit the boat, but did not do the least damage to any one or anything.

Then Jack and his friends opened fire upon them with their repeaters, and each one fired twenty rounds before he stopped.

With the explosions of the shells in their midst, and seeing

the fearful havoc it created, the robbers fled like the wind, leaving half their horses and men lying dead on the desert.

They raced away against the strong wind that was blowing, and soon were hardly to be seen in the far distance.

"Now get to work," said Jack. "Let us get the rain falling and fill our water casks ere they return, boys."

They laid aside their weapons and got the implements out.

The mortar was planted, and Fritz began firing explosive bombs up in the sky, the professor sent up the huge rockets, Jack inflated several hot-air balloons, to which bombs were attached that burst at a certain altitude, and Tim helped where he was needed.

An hour of continued firing followed, but no rain came.

It looked as if the experiment was a failure, and they stopped.

The Parsees looked on in wondering amazement from the deck, and the apparently useless implements were returned to the boat.

A black cloud suddenly arose from earth to sky way to the windward.

"The desert grass is afire!" exclaimed Jack, aghast.

"It must have been the work of those Khonds!" cried the professor.

"Send ther boat aloft! Send her aloft, lad!" yelled Tim.

Jack darted into the pilot-house to do so, for the wind was blowing the great fire directly toward them at fearful velocity.

He turned the lever to raise the boat, but the Flying Fish did not move.

The batteries had been exhausted from constant use and needed recharging.

On rushed the fire toward them with a fearful roar that momentarily grew louder.

CHAPTER XII.

FLOATING UNDER STRANGE POWER.

A cry of despair pealed from Jack's lips, for by glancing up at the gauge he saw that the battery supply was at zero.

"Heavens!" groaned Fritz. "Vhe vhas been roasted ter de't!"

"Look at those Hindoos! Stop them! They're jumping overboard!" cried Jack.

Frightened as they were, the poor wretches were all springing to the ground upon seeing the fire, for they feared it was going to envelope them, and cause them to die.

One after the other they sprang to the ground, despite the boy's cries to arrest them, until they were all gone.

Nearer and still nearer came the fire.

Great clouds of smoke and immense tongues of flame were licking up to the sky from the ignited desert grass, while the wind caught thousands of sparks and wafted them along above the fierce conflagration in showers.

"What shall we do, Jack?" wailed the terrified Hopkins. "Must we remain here to passively be devoured by that raging furnace?"

"No!" promptly replied the boy. "We can save ourselves, but if we wish to do so we must let those poor wretches, the Parsees, sacrifice themselves in the fiery element which their forefathers, the fugitives of Persia, once worshiped."

"Fer ther Lord's sake, how is we ter do it?" groaned Tim, as he felt a hot wave of air from the fire come rushing upon them.

"You forget the vacuum!" cried the boy.

A thrill of joy passed over them.

There was no time to replenish the batteries.

So Jack set the force pump working, and the air was sucked out of the hold of the Flying Fish in great blasts.

Faster and faster worked the pump.

Then the airship began to draw upward and bump on the ground; then she suddenly arose.

Up, up it went, as lightly as a feather, when a dark shadow fell across the deck, and Jack glanced upward.

Something spattered down upon his face through the open window.

The boat was then fifty feet from the earth approaching a dark cloud.

"Rain!" he shouted.

Every one was electrified, and glanced down.

The poor Hindoos, mounted on their elephants, were has-

ning away from the roaring flames as fast as they could, yelling with fear, and praying for salvation.

Momentarily the rain increased, and in a few moments it was pouring down in torrents.

"Thank heavens!" gasped Hopkins. "Our apparatus worked after all."

"Und see! It vhas puttin' oudt dot fire!" cried Fritz excitedly.

He pointed off to the windward, where only half a mile away the great fire was being beaten down, and tremendous clouds of dense black smoke arose as it was subdued.

"Hurroar!" chuckled Tim. "It takes us ter control ther elements."

He gave a hitch at his pants, took a chew of plug, and squirted some of the juice in Bismarck's eye, whereupon Fritz danced up to him wrathily, pulled his nose, and a scrap began, which might have ended seriously had not Jack shouted:

"Fritz, go back in the battery room and recharge the jars."

There was nothing for it but to obey, as there was no time for play, and the young Dutchman went reluctantly, hurling a challenge back at Tim to meet him in a duel with clubs in an hour.

Jack stopped the pump.

The boat remained stationary at sixty feet height, but the wind kept drifting it, a most enormous suction contracting the outer shell against the massive skeleton.

Harder beat the rain down, lower went the fire, and the grass ahead of the flames being dampened, failed to ignite, and the onward progress of it was suddenly checked.

In five minutes more the fire was entirely extinguished.

Every one was delighted.

They saw the Parsees come to a pause and spread their blankets to catch the rain when they saw the fire put out, and the water that beat down on the roofs of the deck houses trickled with a merry tinkle down the leaders, filling the water casks.

A scene of general rejoicing followed among the air navigators and the poor wretches down on the desert.

"You have saved their lives, dear boy," said the relieved professor, "and you have saved us a great inconvenience. Jack Wright, you are, I may say, a wonder of the Nineteenth Century, by Jove!"

"Now you can see the efficacy of my vacuum theory."

"Aye; and, if need have been, it could have saved our lives."

They heard the pounding of the engine and dynamo generating electricity, and pretty soon Fritz shouted through the tube:

"Dot vhas all righd. Make der vheels goin' alretty. She vhas go oep by der sky so soon as you bleases vunct, und I soon haf enough electricity made to last fife days more, py shiminey!"

Jack turned the lever, and the helices revolved.

He then let a tiny stream of air penetrate the hold by means of the second pump, and gradually let it fill up again, so that the boat would not suddenly drop from a sudden expansion of great volume.

Presently the vacuum was filled.

The aeroplane now depended upon her helices.

Their whiz and buzz was music to the ears of the navigators, and the boat mounted up into the higher stratas of air again.

Jack then started the stern screw, and like an arrow from a bow the cutter went speeding along on her course again through the rainstorm Jack had made as correctly as if nothing had happened to mar their trip.

They had plenty water on board by the time they passed from the storm, and glancing down saw a large tract of land wet by the rain; further on were several miles of blackened sand, over which the devastating fire had gone sweeping.

The cutter finally passed over Rajpootana, and following the course of the headwaters of the Ganges River, she left Delhi and Oude astern, going up into the presidency of Nepaul along the Himalaya Valley.

On the following day she was hovering over the Gunduck River at a height of only one hundred feet, the sky clear above and a dense forest below her, when Jack went out on the after deck and peered down at the wild landscape below.

The woods were made up of betel palms, banyan fig trees, teaks, sandal-wood, edible pines, oak, maples and hazels.

Guavas, pineapples, mangoes, pomegranates, plantains and loquots were growing wild everywhere, while monkeys, peacocks, jungle-fowl, parrots, ibis, flamingoes, tailor-birds, bul-

bul, pelicans and pagoda thrush abounded in the trees.

Formidable tigers and leopards were seen prowling among the underbrush; deer and antelopes bounded over the clearings, wolves, panthers, jackals, bears, hyenas, lynxes and bison were seen by the score, and sand snakes, cobra manillas and black-hooded snakes skulked among the branches.

Down in the river there floated like logs monstrous crocodiles, while swarms of mosquitoes, locusts, wasps and flying bugs made up a concert of sounds only outrivaled in more tropical climates.

The boy saw that the place offered the most magnificent chances for a hunt, and he resolved to take advantage of it, as their supply of fresh meat had given out.

The professor was steering; the boat, and walking forward to the pilot-house the boy asked him:

"Would you like to descend to the ground for a hunt?"

"My dear boy, nothing would afford me greater pleasure."

"Then lower the Flying Fish beside the river into the very first clearing you see, and we will enjoy a few hours' sport before dinner," said Jack, going inside to get their weapons ready from the storeroom.

Tim and Fritz were busy cleaning the rooms when Jack hailed them and told them what they were going to do.

They were delighted at the prospect, and when the boat landed in a big clearing near the river they were all ready.

Tim opened the door to lead the way out, when up came Whiskers to view the proceedings, and Fritz twisted his tail.

With a dismal howl the monkey flew out the open door, leaped across the deck and sprang to the ground.

"Hey! Haul to, thar!" yelled Tim, startled at the fear of losing his pet in the woods. "Dash yer blinky eyes, whar are yer a-goin'?"

He hopped over to the ladder in pursuit of the monkey, and Whiskers, delighted over making his escape, scampered away.

Down to the ground hurried Tim after him, and off hopped the little rascal into the woods, with the old sailor in hot pursuit.

Fritz softly chuckled and winked to himself, and followed Jack and the professor down to the ground.

By that time Tim and his monkey had disappeared.

It was decided that they separate, and accordingly the three started off in opposite directions to beat about in quest of game.

Jack took the course away from the sluggish river, and went on among the tangled vines, fallen tree trunks and dense shrubbery, with his rifle over his shoulder and his eyes alert.

He saw plenty small game, and heard his distant friends firing, but kept on looking for something worth shooting.

It soon came in the form of a fine deer which bounded across his path, and like a flash his rifle was to his shoulder, and he fired.

With a bound high into the air, the deer fell with a crash into some bushes, and the boy rushed forward to gain his prize.

He had no sooner reached the carcass, however, when there came a blood-curdling yell from the bushes, and the next moment a huge body sprang through the air, landed on top of the deer and confronted him.

It was an immense tiger!

CHAPTER XIII.

A TIGER HUNT.

A chill of horror swept over Jack upon beholding the monster that contested his claim to the deer.

Its baleful eyes snapped with fire, its fur bristled with rage, and its tail lashed its flanks, while from the gaping red mouth there emanated from between the formidable row of gleaming white teeth the most horrible snarls.

The tiger was a monster in size.

Only a few yards separated it from the boy.

It evidently had been in pursuit of the deer when Jack shot the creature, and upon beholding Jack had been put in a most ferocious rage.

The boy shuddered and drew back a step.

He was not looking for such game as this.

In fact, he would have retreated could he have done so

without danger, for he knew from the accounts of travelers that it was hard to kill these beasts.

In no wise intimidated, however, he raised his rifle to his shoulder, took aim and fired.

This movement of his weapon caused the tiger to spring.

It came just as Jack fired, and its lithe body mounting into the air caused the ball to pass under it and expend itself harmlessly in a tree.

Before Jack could fire again the tiger struck him.

The shock was as great as if he was hit by a thunderbolt, for he was knocked flying upon his back, the rifle fell from his hand, and he was partially stunned.

As soon as he realized his position he found the beast with its massive front paws planted upon his chest and its terrible face just above his own.

The position filled Jack with alarm.

Upon the slightest provocation he saw that the huge head would come down, the gaping mouth would close upon him, and he would be torn to pieces.

"Heaven help me!" he muttered.

A growl like thunder escaped the tiger.

There was a pistol in Jack's belt, and he knew that if he could but reach it he might save himself.

He had scarcely moved his arm, though, when with a snarl the tiger lowered its head further, stamped its paw on his shoulder and glared like a demon at his hand.

The boy's alarm increased.

He saw that he could hardly make the most imperceptible movement which the creature would fail to detect.

How the boy wished that one of his friends was there to aid him. How his heart palpitated, and how hard it seemed for him to catch his breath.

Death seemed absolutely certain.

He was strung up to desperation.

Again he essayed to reach the pistol with his other hand.

This movement distracted the tiger's attention from the right one, and as it turned its head, by a quick, soft movement, he got his pistol out in his right hand.

Another angry yell pealed from the monster, and it buried its fangs in his sleeve, lacerating his flesh and tore out a piece of the cloth.

Had it gone half an inch further he would have been maimed.

The boy saw that it was going to attack him now, and aiming the pistol at its body he fired.

A terrible explosion followed as the ball burst inside of the tiger, and with a huge hole torn in its stomach it leaped ten feet in the air.

Down it came with a bang a few yards distant, and rolling, squirming and kicking it uttered cry after cry.

Up to his feet bounded the boy.

"A lucky shot!" he gasped.

"Jack! Jack!" yelled Tim's voice just then.

"Yes. This way, Tim!" he responded.

"Whar are ye, lad?"

"In the clearing."

"Look out, for ther Lord's sake!"

The warning hardly reached the boy when the bushes parted and another tiger, doubtless the wounded one's mate, came flying through, followed by a shot from Tim.

Jack did not expect this.

He glided behind a tree.

From here he aimed his pistol at the beast's head.

It stood planted a few feet away, glaring around with its head in the air, sniffing and growling.

The creature was not as heavy as the other.

"A female!" muttered the boy.

Then he fired.

A fearful gash was cut in the monster's neck.

It spun around and around, bleeding profusely, and Tim just then made his appearance.

He had no sooner set his good eye on the tiger, though, when he dodged out of sight in the bushes.

"Kill ther lubber!" he yelled.

"That's easier said than done!" replied Jack.

He wished he had his rifle.

As he had to depend on his pistol, however, he aimed it and fired again.

This time he was more successful.

The ball struck the beast on the head.

There it burst.

Its head was blown to pieces.

The other tiger now attracted Jack's attention.

It was evidently in great agony from the gaping wound

Jack had given it, and to put the brute out of its misery the boy fired another shot, which killed it immediately.

"That settles it!" he exclaimed.

"It came near makin' a mess o' me!" growled Tim as he stumped up to Jack. "Yer see, I wuz a-chasin' this 'ere varmint through the woods," he added, holding Whiskers up by the nape of his neck, "when that 'ere pirate o' ther woods heaved down on me, an' liked to ha' taken me fore an' aft, when I clumb a tree an' it shot by."

"You must have heard me firing," said Jack.

"Ay, lad, an' I seen ye from ther tree. I couldn't a-done it wi' this 'ere wooden leg if I hadn't a-had that tiger arter me. But as soon's I get up thar what should I see but a boy-kinstruckter."

"Boa-constrictor?"

"Aye, aye! That's it. Ther critter had Whiskers harf way down its forrard hatch, wi' only his tail stikin' out an' a-wigglin'. Then I ups an' fixes my eye on it an' grabs Whiskers' tail an' I heaves away right smart, an' out the little bummer pops——"

"Oh, say, Tim!"

"Then," went on the old liar, "I poked my finger down ther boy-constrictor's throat an' yer mayn't b'live wot I sees, but ther devil gagged so hard he turned hissself inside out like a glove finger, an' then I had him."

"Draw it mild, Tim. Grab one end of this deer and we will carry it back to the boat. Come, time presses."

Tim complied with a frown, for he saw that Jack did not believe him, and they carried the game away.

By the time they got back to the Flying Fish they found Fritz and the doctor there, the former loaded down with birds, and the latter smilingly exhibiting a small bear so full of shots that it looked like a sieve.

While Tim was locking Whiskers up they swapped stories, prepared their game for use and stowed it away on board of the boat, when preparations were made for an ascent.

"By five o'clock to-night," said Jack, "I expect we will arrive in sight of our destination, boys, and then to see if Zobeide's story of the fabulous diamond mine is true or not."

"More'n likely it's a lie," said Tim, skeptically.

"If it is, dear boy," said the professor, "I won't mind. We are having such a good time we ought not grumble."

"I tink so neider," added Fritz, lighting his pipe. "But shust der same, if somepody vhas show me dot dere vhas diamonts dere so bick like gobblesstones, I don't vhas kick about taken 'em."

Jack turned the lever and the helices spun around.

The boat then arose from the woods to an altitude of two hundred feet and sailed away, while Fritz went in the galley to prepare their mid-day meal. Tim continued to clean up the boat and the doctor went to sort out some fossil specimens he had picked up in the woods.

Late in the afternoon Jack descried a distant city.

It lay to the south of the great mountain range, and by a little computation he soon found that it was Khatmandu.

Deodhunga, or Everest Mountain, lay between this city, above Sikim and west of Tassisudon, he knew, and he rang the gong summoning his friends.

"Wot's amiss now?" queried Tim.

"Look there!" said Jack, pointing. "There's Khatmandu!"

Eagerly they all peered ahead of the boat, and the boy took down his glass and took a long look ahead.

"Ha! There it is now!" he said, smilingly.

"What?" asked the professor, eagerly.

"The mountain of diamonds?" replied the boy.

They now saw an immense shadowy peak rising to the clouds far ahead.

CHAPTER XIV.

TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN.

It was, as Jack calculated, five o'clock in the afternoon when they sighted Mount Deodhunga, and with their hopes high they steered the boat for it.

The shadowy peak was many miles away, but as soon as they passed Khatmandu they made rapid progress, and rising high in the air saw Sikim below, and Tassisudon far beyond it to the eastward.

In a few hours they arrived at the base of the great peak, which, rising 29,002 feet, certainly was the highest known mountain upon the globe, as Zobeide's parchment said.

The Himalayas are not a single chain of mountains, but a range of rugged, snowy peaks depending from the high table land of Thibet, and separated by deep gorges, the outlets of streams originating in the melted ice and snow of the interior.

On the southern side, where the Flying Fish was, the surface comprised three distinct regions—first, adjoining the plains of Hindostan, the Tarai, a grass-covered, marshy plain; next, the belt of Saul Wood, stretching along a great part of the range, and beyond it the Dhuns, a belt of detritus, extending to the foot of the true mountains.

"We won't see any fall of snow as low as 2,500 feet, dear boy," said the professor, "but at 6,000 feet it snows here regularly every winter. The limit of perennial snow is 16,200 feet in the south, and 17,400 feet on the north side, an anomaly owing to the dry atmosphere of Thibet. There are glaciers in every part of the range above the snow line."

"It will be as bad as Greenland up there," said Jack, pointing up at where the peak of Everest penetrated the clouds, "and we may have a hard time of it to reach it."

"As earthquakes are of frequent occurrence in this central range," said Hopkins, "you may be mistaken on that score."

Upon approaching the mountains close enough, Jack stopped the boat's propeller and increased the speed of the helices, when the cutter began to ascend.

They got out their heaviest garments, for they were going up into the cold region of perpetual snow and wanted to be amply prepared for it.

The boat steadily ascended, and passing over dense woods, yawning ravines, mountain torrents and glassy lakes, it plunged into a mass of clouds hovering about the peaks.

Up, up, up soared the Flying Fish into the vapor, and, bursting through the dense banks she plunged into a cold strata of air, when above them the aeronauts beheld a sea of snow clouding the top of the lofty mountain.

Every one was in a fever of suspense.

They would soon know whether the wonderful diamond mine existed or not, and until the question was solved they were upon the tiptoe of expectation and anxiety.

Night had settled down.

Everything but the dazzling whiteness of the snowy peak assumed a sombre aspect gloomy to behold.

Jack stood at the wheel directing his boat.

He kept a keen glance around and observed a broad, dark streak several miles to the southeast and sent the boat toward it.

Upon a near approach they saw that it was an enormous fissure running from the top of the mountain to the bottom, splitting it in two.

At one side the rocky edge projected out, forming a great ridge, one side of which was banked up with snow, while the other was formed by the gulch.

The depression had a broad stream running through it, and was entirely clear of the snow, for the ridge protected it, keeping the snow back to the eastern side, which was swept around that side of the mountain by the winds.

This great gorge afforded a clear footpath from the bottom to the very apex of the mountain, and was evidently the result of some mighty convulsion of nature in times past.

"Look there," said Jack, pointing down at the gloomy pass and causing the boat to follow it. "If Zobeide's father had traversed that gorge you can see for yourself that he could easily have reached the summit as she said he did."

"I never expected to see anything like this," said Hopkins.

"There are unmistakable signs of an earthquake having rent the mountain, which bears out the truth of her story, at least in that particular," said the boy. "It begins to look to me, Mr. Hopkins, as if the woman told the truth."

"Of one thing I am positive, my amiable friend," said the professor. "It is that if the gypsy woman's father really made the ascent he could have done so without much trouble."

The boat followed the gorge continuously now, and as it settled down into it and skimmed along between the high, precipitous walls, a sudden change of temperature was felt.

The extreme cold was modified.

A glance at the thermometer showed but thirty degrees Fahrenheit, when previously they had seen the mercury at zero.

The further they proceeded along the ravine the warmer it became, and Jack started the searchlight and shot its keen rays down upon the bed of the gorge.

Bleak, barren rocks lined the bottom, and they saw smoke or steam arising from the river that flowed through it.

As they ascended they saw vegetation cropping out.

It became denser as they proceeded and presently luxuriant.

Moreover, the heat kept increasing.

Soon an exclamation burst from Jack's lips.

"The water of that stream is hot!"

"That accounts for the warmth here," said Hopkins, "and as I observed the warmth augments the higher up we go I am forced at last to the conclusion that it flows from hot springs and not directly from the melted snow."

"Lord save my soul! anybody could live in this 'ere climate," said Tim. "I thought as it'd be so freezin' cold ther words we uttered would freeze so hard we could make quoits of 'em."

"Vot is dot up higher vonct?" queried Fritz. "So helb me if I don't tink me it vos a lake alretty!"

"So it is!" exclaimed Jack. "And this stream flows from it."

They were close to the top of the mountain now, and beheld, on a great plateau, an immense body of water impounded within a great basin, from which a vast cloud of steam was arising.

The water was bubbling with heat, and as the boat flew over it hot air gushed up, driving the mercury up to 70.

Passing across the sheet of water they were, suddenly startled to see on the other side of it a great mass of pure flame rushed up through a ragged aperture among the rocks, a terrible heat radiating from it in all directions.

To avoid it they were forced to make a wide detour, during which they saw that a large tract of land surrounding it bore no traces of ice or snow.

It was evidently a small volcano in active eruption, which might have been working there for centuries.

A few miles above it was the top of the mountain.

The air was very rare.

Below them Jack could not see the earth, in consequence of the vast cloud banks that intervened.

He aimed the rays of the searchlight up at the mountain top, and they saw, upon a nearer approach, that it was ragged and broken.

In five minutes more they reached the apex.

A shudder convulsed them at the appalling scene below.

It might once have been a great plateau several miles in extent, but at some remote period the internal fires of the mountain had burst forth into a volcano greater than that of Vesuvius or Hecla, and left behind a yawning gulf.

It was down into this immense crater they looked.

The middle depth was unfathomable.

Imagine, if you can, an aperture as black as ink, that bored down miles into the mountain, its interior like the inside of a funnel, and you can think what this great crater looked like to Jack Wright.

The boat stood hovering over the awful depth, the moonlight streaming down upon them and they held a consultation.

It was decided not to venture into the crater till the next day.

They accordingly landed the boat beside it, and, setting watch, they passed the rest of the night in sleep.

At sunrise next morning, which was very early at that enormous elevation, they arose and partook of breakfast.

The cutter was then put to flight.

Once more they hovered over the crater, and glancing down as the light of day penetrated the yawning gulf, they observed a plateau down below, upon which they could alight if need be around the sides.

Everything was in readiness, and Jack slackened the speed of the helices, when the Flying Fish began to descend.

Down, down, down she went into the black pit, slowly but surely, every one of her crew keenly watching for danger.

Within a few minutes she had descended several hundred feet, and cries of the most intense amazement burst from the lips of our friends at the wonderful scene presented to their view.

CHAPTER XV.

DOWN IN THE CRATER.

A flock of thousands of birds, startled by the descent of the boat, flew up in great clouds, and arising above the cutter with fierce and startled cries, they fairly shut all the daylight out of the place.

They went pouring out of the volcano, however, leaving many of their eggs and their young behind them in the place.

As soon as the fearful roar of their voices and wings died away, our friends glanced down at the shelving interior of the crater.

Everything was as black as ink.

But among the dark earth, stone and rough-looking trees and bushes there flashed up in the rays of the sun thousands of brilliant, gleaming lights from the rough, uncut gems lying scattered about among the debris lining the inside of the crater.

These scintillations only came from those of the precious stones that presented the tiniest, smooth, clean surface, so what must have been the number that did not gleam?

"Diamonds by the thousands!" exclaimed Jack.

"The gypsy queen did not lie after all," said Hopkins.

Tim and Fritz gave utterance to the most extravagant expressions.

It was plain to be seen that there had been enormous deposits of the carbonized crystals within the mountain, which an eruption had exposed in this manner.

To get them was an easy matter.

It was doubtful if these precious stones had ever been mined in such an easy manner before by mankind, for there was no searching, digging or blasting to get them—they lay spread out in plain sight and easy reach, to be picked up as easily as the bird's eggs could have been gathered.

Jack brought the boat to a pause upon an extensive plateau, and they all went out on deck.

The ladder was dropped down over the side, and they left the boat and eagerly ran about examining the gems.

They were loosely implanted in various places, from which it required no exertion to get them, and they proved to be very large and of the purest white quality, imbedded in quartz stones.

In the crude state they would, of course, require considerable cutting, by which a large amount would be lost.

Within half an hour they all returned to the boat and exhibited their individual finds, whereupon the professor closely examined them.

He was an expert on diamonds, and remarked:

"They are, my Christian friends, specimens of the most exquisite gems I have ever seen in my life, and I predict that if we can get enough of them back to civilization we will amass a tremendous fortune, for the boat can carry millions of dollars' worth of them.

"Let us begin, then," said Jack, "to gather all we can carry. There are several empty kegs in the storeroom in which we can put them, and we will leave here as soon as we can."

Accordingly this programme was carried out.

Having procured the kegs in question, they were placed on the deck, the diamonds they then had were tossed into one of them, and they each slung a hunting bag over their shoulders and set out to gather as many more as they could.

The plateau upon which the boat then rested contained a great many of the diamonds, some of which they could only see by a near approach, and they were all gathered up by mid-day.

Our friends then took a rest, and had their dinner.

As there were no more to be procured there, Jack raised the boat and sent her off across the crater.

As she hovered over the great hole in the crater, the boy directed the rays of the searchlight down.

Although it penetrated the distance of a mile, the bottom of the orifice was not to be seen.

They then passed on to the other side, but there found that the sides were sloped down at a very acute angle.

No resting place for the boat was to be seen, and the young inventor then drove the Flying Fish in a circle around the rough wall of the crater in search of some place upon which to rest the cutter.

Not another such plateau or ledge was to be found.

The ground abruptly shelved down at such an angle that it would have been hazardous to have alighted the cutter upon it, although during the trip they saw more of the stones than they would have been able to take away.

"We will have to let a man down at the end of a rope from the boat," said Jack, "while the cutter is held in suspension over the spot where he works."

"Aye, lad, thar's no other way," assented Tim. "Wha'll do it?"

"You," said Fritz.

"We will pull straws," said the boy.

This was accordingly done, and the choice fell to Jack.

A long, stout line was then made fast to a cradle, and the boat was suspended over an area where they had observed the largest and finest gems, when Jack took a bag with a line attached to it, and was lowered down.

He found the dirt soft and yielding, and discovered that it was easy to keep a foothold and move about.

He then began to fill the bag, and when this was done his friends hoisted it up, emptied it, and let it down again to him.

Jack sent up several loads in this manner, and observing an extraordinary large stone in the midst of an area of very dark ground, he started for it.

He had scarcely taken two steps, however, when the ground suddenly gave way from beneath his feet.

The boy had stepped upon a bed of dust.

There was so much slack to the rope, and such a depth to the dust that the young inventor sank until he was buried.

A cry pealed from his lips that reached the ears of his friends up on the boat, and moving the cutter they saw what had occurred.

Jack was entirely out of their sight.

In they pulled the line, and he was hauled up to the deck, blinded and choking.

Had his friends delayed a few moments he would have perished.

Covered with the sooty dust, they brought him upon the boat again, and found that he was all right when he got the stuff out of his eyes, ears, nose and mouth.

Fritz then went down, and was kept busy till nightfall.

By that time two of the kegs were filled with diamonds.

They already had a large fortune.

Driving the cutter across the chasm to the plateau upon which they had once stopped, they brought it to a pause there and had supper.

Then the evening was spent examining the gems, and they turned in.

Fritz was left on watch.

He took up a position in the cabin, and began to read a book.

It was an interesting novel written in Fritz's native language.

The hero had just finished drinking two shoppers of Rhein wine, when the villain came into the summer garden eating a frankfurter sausage, and, seizing the heroine was about to steal her, when—

But that was as far as Fritz got.

A tremendous roar that shook the boat brought him to his feet at a bound, and glancing out of a window he beheld a tremendous mass of smoke arising all around the cutter.

"Donner vetter!" gasped the Dutch boy.

He did not wait to say anything else.

Rushing up to the pilot-house he started the helices.

Outside everything was dense with smoke, and smothered rumblings were heard below them incessantly.

"Murder!" yelled Fritz wildly, as the boat soared up in the midst of the smoke, which now began to fill the pilot-house.

He furiously rang the gong, and started the searchlight.

Again there came a tremendous explosion.

This time a mass of dust, smoke and stones were blown up, and the cutter was sent reeling through the air.

It struck the side of the crater with a crash, rebounded, and went spinning around and around.

Jack and his friends rushed in half dressed.

One glance out had shown them the situation.

"The volcano!" gasped Jack.

"An eruption!" cried the startled professor.

"Keel haul me, we're goners!" groaned Tim.

The Dutch boy was striving with might and main to keep the boat going steadily, and Jack took his place.

With a turn of the wheel he drove her through the blinding smoke, hoping thus to get out of it.

The roaring and rumbling kept on unabated below them, and they realized that the volcano was getting in a state of eruption.

Away shot the boat like a locomotive.

Still the smoke clouds enveloped her in a dense mist, through which the powerful searchlight failed to penetrate.

Jack became anxious.

Another explosion of the volcano might send up fire, rocks and molten lava to destroy them.

His main plan was to get away from there as fast as pos-

sible; but being unable to see a foot ahead in the thick clouds of smoke, he could not tell whence he was going.

His friends peered out of the windows.

They were all in a fever of the most intense anxiety.

On, on plunged the gallant airship under the guidance of its nervy young commander, but yet no sign of escape from those dreadful smoke clouds and volcanic rumblings appeared to give him hope.

CHAPTER XVI.

SEVEN MILLIONS.

To run out of a cloud of smoke would not seem to be a very difficult task, but in this instance the wind was blowing hard, carrying the smoke with it in a stream from the crest of the mountain, and the cutter went with it.

Jack soon figured this out, and turning the Flying Fish off at an angle with its course, he drove her to the westward.

By this means he brought her out of it.

She hovered over the great gorge for a moment, then she went driving from the peak downward at an angle.

They had passed the flames and boiling lake long before, which kept that part of the mountain at a high temperature.

The boat now hung over the gorge, but swept along by the wind she was carried several miles to the west, when the air became cold and raw, and snow and ice appeared.

A few miles more and there was nothing but a white crystal bed below them, down upon which the moon was shining.

The heat was all gone here, for they were out of the volcanic region, and glancing back they saw vast clouds pouring out of the crater, mingled with lapping flames, myriads of sparks and showers of incandescent ashes.

A great stream of burning lava began to gush from the crater they had been in, and it went pouring down the gorge toward the base of the mighty mountain.

Below them was what looked like a river of solid ice, on which was a line of dirt and stone.

It was a glacier, and the debris a moraine.

Strange as it may appear, these icy rivers move without water to float them, but are impelled by their own action.

It ran down through a valley.

Within the boat a most intense chilliness prevailed from the bitterly cold wind that swept around from the northern side of the mountain, and the glass windows became covered with hoar frost, despite the intense heat coming from the electric radiators.

Jack sent the cutter down toward the clouds, two miles below.

Down it went, and clearing the clouds it ran into a rain-storm underneath, and the temperature increased.

The wind was blowing a gale, and the darkness of night was increased by the gloom of the storm.

Presently the boat got down among the foothills, and sailed away to the southwest at an easy rate of speed.

They were now free of the mountains.

It afforded them a sense of intense relief to be out of that fearful height among the dread convulsions of nature, and they were glad enough to get down within a thousand feet of the earth again.

Millions of dollars' worth of diamonds were destroyed by the eruption of the volcano, but the four aeronauts had enough of them to satisfy any man, and were not disappointed.

"What do you estimate the value of that treasure, professor?" asked the boy, a few hours later, as he sat in the cozy cabin with Hopkins, with the richly laden kegs between them.

"It all depends upon the cost of cutting and their loss and weight, my dear fellow," answered the tall, thin professor, sweeping his long hair back from his right brow.

"The kegs weigh about a hundred pounds apiece."

"But half of that weight may be lost in cutting the gems. Then you can't get nearly as much per carat for them in the crude state—in fact, they won't bring more than forty dollars a carat at the utmost."

"At that rate we will have about one hundred pounds to sell?"

"Just about—now we can figure on four grains to a carat, and 1,750 carats to a pound; 40 times 1,750 amounts to \$70,000 a pound, and if there are 100 pounds of diamonds

sold at \$40 a carat the amount we will get will be about \$7,000,000.55

Jack was amazed and delighted.

One million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece.

It was a magnificent sum.

"We will get more than I bargained for," he remarked.

"But we may have trouble to sell them," said Hopkins.

"Why?"

"The brokers will fear a flooding of the market may depreciate the value of the stones they have in stock, and refuse to buy them."

"True, sir; but if that should prove to be the case I have a plan whereby we can force them to buy," said Jack, after a moment's thought.

"Have you decided where to sell them?"

"In France."

"Then we will go straight there?"

"Exactly, sir."

"Very well."

When day dawned the boat was a hundred miles from Mount Everest, and went sweeping along over Khatmandu again, and a bee line was made across Delhi to Punjab.

Toward evening the Flying Fish reached a point close to the capital of Delhi, on the Jumna River, the city being inclosed on three sides by a lofty wall of solid stone, the eastern side along the river having no wall, but was faced with high masonry.

It was, they saw, a large and handsome city, containing many large and beautiful buildings and imposing mosques.

But at the time referred to the place was in a state of siege.

There had been an outbreak of mutineers in Meerut, where the officers there were murdered, and the rebel soldiery there set out for Delhi, entered the city, and there were joined by a mob.

The British troops stationed there consisted of native infantry and a battery of artillery, who cast their lot with the mutineers and began by killing their officers.

The Delhi magazine, the largest in northwest India, was in charge of Lieutenant Willoughby, with whom were two other commissioned officers and six non-commissioned officers.

This magazine was attacked by the mutineers just as the airship approached, and the little band of soldiers desperately resisted.

Jack knew the state of revolt the country was in, and upon seeing the gallant white men struggling hopelessly to defend the enormous accumulation of munitions of war stored there, he cried.

"See, boys; can we go by without aiding those brave fellows?"

"No, no, no!" cried his companions.

"Then let us descend and lend them a helping hand!"

They eagerly assented to this proposition, and attiring themselves in their suits of armor they armed themselves to the teeth.

Jack then sent the boat down into the city near the magazine, and the mutineers fled in horror before its approach.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

As the boat was descending Tim ran the glorious Stars and Stripes up at the flagpole, and as soon as the cutter came to a pause, our friends hurried out on deck.

They had hardly appeared when a hail came from the magazine, to which they replied, stating who and what they were.

A cheer pealed from the besieged men.

"And you will aid us?" eagerly asked Willoughby.

"With our lives!" said Jack, watching the mutineers, who were assembled in a great body up the street, raising a furious uproar with their cries and invectives.

"There is no hope of saving the magazine, said the lieutenant. "All we can do is to prevent the mutineers getting it by blowing the whole thing up."

"Then fire a train and board my boat," answered Jack.

They got a ladder ready, and the magazine was fired.

Unfortunately, it exploded before five out of the nine brave soldiers got out, and only four escaped alive to the cutter.

As they came rushing towards the cutter a volley came from the mutineers, and the lieutenant fell, wounded.

The other three got upon the boat.

Lying in the street the brave lieutenant might have fallen into the hands of the furious mob had not Jack sprang to the ground, rushed over and picked him up.

The gallant boy started on a run for the boat.

None of the flying particles from the explosion had hurt the Flying Fish or her crew, but Willoughby and his men had been badly wounded.

Many of the Hindoos were killed outright.

As soon as they rallied and saw Jack saving the life of the lieutenant a hundred rifles were aimed at the boy.

Before a shot could be fired his friends upon the cutter opened fire upon the dusky natives.

There came a terrible exchange of shots, in which the suits worn by our friends amply protected them from injury, while the bullets failed to penetrate the hull of the airship.

Reaching the ladder with his senseless burden, Jack got him up on the deck of the cutter and laid him inside.

Despite the heavy fusillade poured in at them, the savage Hindoos charged toward the boat to overwhelm our friends.

They came surging through the street called Shandni Chank, or Street of Silver, a fine, wide avenue lined with nim and pipal trees running from the fort to the Lahore gate.

It was like the impetuous onslaught of a tidal wave, and it seemed as if the thousands of human beings must sweep up and over the boat irresistibly, despite all obstacles, for upon seeing human beings on the boat their fears of it ceased.

At this juncture Jack dragged the repeating gun out of its closet in the wall of the pilot-house, and brought it to the bulwark.

It was already loaded, and training it to bear upon the horde, he fired it at the rate of one hundred shots a second, the terrible projectiles driving the mob back in horror over the fearful carnage it created in their ranks.

The boy said not a word.

Nor did he stop until every shot was fired.

The scene of terror and excitement that prevailed among the mutineers baffles all description.

In the midst of it Jack sent the cutter up in the air.

"Are there any more white people in trouble here who are in need of our assistance?" queried Jack.

"Yes," was the feeble reply, for Willoughby was so badly injured that he afterward died. "In the palace there are about fifty Europeans and Surasians, nearly all females, who were captured in trying to escape from the town on the day of the outbreak. They have been confined in a stifling chamber for fifteen days, and it is the intention of the mutineers to bring them out into the courtyard and massacre the whole party."

"In Heaven's name direct me to the spot at once, and I will make an effort to save their lives," said Jack.

The lieutenant did so.

As the boat swept over to the palace, to the amazement of the rescued men over their situation, they heard the sound of firearms and the most agonizing shrieks.

The blood coursed like fire in Jack's veins.

He realized that the awful scene of carnage had begun, and as the boat came to a pause fifty feet above the palace, and they glanced down they beheld a harrowing sight.

They were too late!

The unfortunate prisoners all lay stretched upon the ground, brutally murdered, and among them were swarming a large number of the Hindoos, who had consummated the atrocity.

A shudder of horror passed over Jack and his friends upon witnessing the revolting spectacle.

"You look agitated," said Willoughby, in suspicious tones.

"We have cause for apprehension. We are too late!" answered Jack.

A groan burst from the lieutenant's lips.

"Avenge them!" he cried.

"I shall. Arm yourselves with grenades, boys, and bombard the cowardly scoundrels down in yonder courtyard!"

His friends availed themselves of this order with a relish, for the pitiful sight spread before their view angered them to the utmost, and made them feel bitterly toward the Hindoos.

A box full of grenades was brought out on deck, and they pelted the fiends below with them, arousing a fearful din, and left but few alive to boast of their rascality.

The boat then shot across the city.

Sir H. Bernard, who had succeeded Gen. Anson as commander-in-chief, had routed the mutineers at Badli-ka-Sarai with a handful of European and Sikh soldiers, after a severe action.

He then encamped upon a ridge overlooking the city.

This force was too weak to capture Delhi, as he had no siege train or heavy guns.

All he could do was to hold his position until the arrival of reinforcements and a siege train.

When the boat began to descend upon the camp the British soldiers became alarmed until they saw the American flag upon the cutter, when their native intelligence told them what the Flying Fish really was.

Willoughby was anxious to get into this camp, for he realized that he was fast dying, and wanted to be among his friends when his soul left his body.

Jack brought his aerostat. to a pause on the ground, and the English soldiers came flocking around it curiously.

Among the first was the baronet.

"In Heaven's name, what is this machine?" he asked.

"A flying ship, as you can see," replied Jack.

"American, too?"

"Of course—that's where most of the best patents originate, sir."

"And what brings you here?"

"A very sad duty," replied Jack. "I have some friends of yours—and here they come. They can tell their own story."

The men he had saved left the cutter, carrying Willoughby, and the baronet's grief knew no bounds upon seeing the sad fate which had overtaken the gallant lieutenant.

Explanations followed.

The nobleman warmly thanked Jack and his friends for what they had done in their behalf.

"Can I be of any further service to you?" the boy asked.

"None," replied Barnard, shaking his head. "I mean to keep my present position, with the help of God, until I can get a large enough force to attack the city and capture it."

"I will leave you, then," said Jack. "We have got to travel back to America, and as the journey will occupy considerable time we cannot waste any of it remaining here."

The British encampment cheered our friends as Jack sent the cutter up into the air again, and our friends waved their hats and handkerchiefs in response.

The boat mounted to an altitude of a thousand feet, when the helices were graded to keep her there, the screw was put in motion, and she sped away.

Over the besieged city she fled, her crew dropping down every explosive bomb they had in passing, and in a short time Delhi was left far astern.

The Punjab opened before their view, and with the dark mantle of night drawn upon the scene like some monstrous bird the Flying Fish sped on.

Fritz was steering her.

In the cabin Jack, Tim and the professor sat at the supper table enjoying an excellent repast.

"Our journey out is at an end now," said the boy, in cheerful tones, "and if nothing delays us we will soon make Paris, to the wonderment of her populace, and get rid of our diamonds there. Then ho! for Wrightstown."

"Have you got your course mapped out, dear boy?" asked Hopkins.

"Of course. We go over the Hindoo Koosh Mountains into Turkestan, then across the Caspian Sea, along the Caucasus Mountains to the Black sea. Then on we go through Austria, Germany and into France."

"An' here's success ter our makin' port in Paris safe an' sound," said Tim, swallowing his allowance of grog without a wink.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SELLING THE DIAMONDS.

When the airship had arrived within sight of the city of Paris, our friends kept it in suspension until after night-fall, in order to make a descent without attracting attention.

She was brought to a pause in a woods on the outskirts of Fontainebleau, and, with several samples of his gems in his pocket and accompanied by Fritz, the boy inventor made his way into the city, and they quietly registered at a hotel.

On the following morning the boys sallied out, and called upon the greatest dealer in diamonds in the gay city.

He was an enormously wealthy man, who controlled most of the Parisian market, and, upon Jack requesting an interview with him upon important business, he politely ushered the two aeronauts into his private office, and asked the boy in French:

"What, sir, may your business with me be?"

"I wish to sell you one hundred pounds of uncut diamonds," replied Jack.

The diamond broker gave a violent start, put on his eyeglasses, viewed Jack from head to foot in utter astonishment, and said:

"Eh? What did you remark?"

"I have one hundred pounds in uncut diamonds to sell you," repeated Jack coolly, in the French language, with which he was familiar.

"Are you jesting with me, sir?"

"Not in the least."

"One hundred pounds—pounds, did you say—of uncut diamonds?"

"Exactly so, monsieur, and here are my samples."

Upon saying which the boy placed a handful of the gems upon a table separating him from the dealer in precious stones.

The look upon the Frenchman's face was that of blank amazement.

He picked up the specimens one after the other, closely examined them, laid them down, gingerly, and then gasped:

"They are really genuine."

"Will you buy them?" the boy asked.

"Do you mean to say you have as you claim?"

"Monsieur, I am here strictly on business."

"It does not seem natural; but where, pray, did you get such a vast lot of these large, magnificent stones?"

"From a mine in India."

"And how much do you want for them uncut?"

"Forty dollars a carat."

"Wait," said the dealer hastily. "Give me time to think."

"I shall return for your answer this afternoon at three o'clock," replied Jack, arising.

"By that time," said the broker, "I shall have a conference with all the leading dealers in the city and give you an answer."

Jack and Fritz then left the office.

The boy then provided himself with a dozen stout valises, and had all but four of them filled with glass crystals purchased at a glass factory, while the empty bags were carried to the boat.

They were there filled with the precious stones.

Jack then went to the custom house authorities with the gems, and declaring the diamonds he gave the appraisers a check covering the amount of duty on the stones.

Promptly at three o'clock he was again in the broker's office, and found it thronged with expert dealers.

The genuine diamonds were brought in and examined, and the glass crystals were shown at long range, the boy scarcely giving them a chance to see them ere he locked the valises again.

By so doing he led the brokers to imagine he had an enormous lot of diamonds, as the glass greatly resembled the genuine stones.

The diamonds were examined and carefully weighed.

Then the broker told the boy that they would form a syndicate and buy one hundred pounds of them, if he agreed to get rid of the rest in order not to lower the value of what they had and might buy.

To this Jack readily agreed, and within an hour he had their checks for the specified amounts, and accompanied by the whole party and carrying the valises of false stones they went down to the river, and boarded a boat that crossed it.

It was night, and Jack and Fritz opened the valises and emptied their glass contents into the river, satisfying the brokers, who did not dream of what a shrewd trick was being played upon them.

Then the two boys returned to the airship.

On the following day the checks were turned into drafts on New York, and they made preparations for their journey home.

Everything being ready Jack started the machinery.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

The Flying Fish darted up into the air, her helices and screws spinning with a loud buzz, and the strange ship floated away in the sky over the broad Atlantic, homeward bound.

Every one on board was glad, for they had undergone so many privations and hairbreadth escapes that they were becoming tired of it, and wished for the serene lives they lived at Wrightstown again.

Their cruise had thus far been a glorious success; they had enjoyed an unlimited amount of adventure and pleasure, and were burdened with riches enough to last a lifetime.

On the third day a thrilling spectacle was witnessed.

Behind the boat a great pillar extending from sea to sky was rushing after it.

It was fully formed, and appeared as a tall pillar of cloud, whirling around its axis, and exhibiting the progressive movement of the whole mass, exactly like the dust whirlwinds of India.

The seat at the base of the whirling vortex was thrown into the most violent commotion, resembling the surface of water in rapid ebullition.

It is a popular fallacy that the water of the sea is sucked up in a solid mass by the waterspouts.

In reality it is only the spray from the broken waves that is carried up and whirled around by the wind. Observations of the rain gauge conclusively proved this.

The waterspout was not fifty feet from the boat when the professor discovered it, and it was rushing along in the draught made by the passage of the boat through the air.

"Port your helm!" shouted Jack. "Quick, on your life!"

Fritz spun the wheel around, and all hands rushed inside. But it was too late.

With a sudden leap forward the great pillar of spray reached the boat, and the next instant engulfed it.

Around and around the boat was spun, and it shot up in the air in the great column, and then there came a fearful cracking and snapping, as if different parts of the boat were being rent to pieces in the clutches of the whirlwind.

Then down it was beaten to the sea, and the waterspout broke.

It fell, burying the hapless boat in its midst.

Several hours afterwards a trans-Atlantic steamer passed that way, and the lookout discerned what looked like the upturned hull of a metal boat floating in the water.

There were four human beings clinging to it for their lives, and they had a bird and a monkey with them.

It is needless to say who the wrecked crew were.

They were picked up in a half senseless condition, and the air cutter soon afterwards sank, for it was only the confined air in the hull which had thus far kept it afloat.

The wrecked crew were carefully attended to by the officers of the steamer, and finally recovered themselves.

Beyond the meager fact of having been wrecked, none of our friends knew exactly what happened to them.

They had been confused by the accident, and none of them knew how they got out of the boat.

Nothing but the natural instinct of self-preservation had saved them from a watery grave.

Now the fact remained that they had managed to get hold of the floating hulk and cling to it, and they cheered and encouraged each other as best they could all the while.

The steamship people took the best care of them, and they safely crossed the ocean and landed in New York.

Their drafts had not been lost, and they were cashed, and the accounts were deposited.

The professor remained in the city, where he lived, and Jack, Tim and Fritz, with their pets, returned to Wrightstown.

It was a different return than that to which our friends had been accustomed, and every one of the inhabitants were amazed when the local papers next day published an account of their adventures, and recounted the loss of the air cutter under such tragic circumstances.

Our friends were glad enough to get back alive.

They never saw anything of Zobeide or any of her tribe again, but they had a large fortune equally divided among them to prove the truth of the gypsy queen's story.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BROKEN BOTTLE; OR, A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW."

HELP YOUR COUNTRY!

ARMY CLERKS.

Anxiety of men to go to France as Army clerks is shown by receipt of many more applicants than there are positions open. In the Corps of Engineers, 150 places as clerks are sought by 4,000 men, and for fifty positions as draughtsmen there are 300 applicants, with scores coming daily. Personal examinations will be given as many as possible at Washington and other places where Army engineers are located, and a reserve list will be formed. Hundreds of applications are on file at The Adjutant General's Office for appointment as Army field clerk. Successful candidates will be appointed by Secretary Baker on recommendation of The Adjutant General after strict physical and mental examination.

FREE POSTAGE FOR SOLDIERS.

Representative Lonergan, of Connecticut, is urging legislation to exempt all mail of soldiers and sailors from postage and said that he expects the Post-Office Committee soon to hold hearings on the subject. Senator Kenyon is working to the same end in the Senate.

Drastic dealing with alien slackers is proposed in a bill adopted favorably by the Immigration Committee and which will be urged for passage in the House. It provides that aliens who will not accept military service in this country would be deported and the entry of other aliens into the country would be prohibited. Any person who claims exemption from military service on the ground that he is an alien would be debarred from ever becoming a naturalized citizen. The bill further provides that aliens of any class could be drafted for work on farms, in industrial plants, and for other home duty.

CORN MEAL CHEAPEST FOOD.

The United States Food Administration authorizes the following:

Corn meal, even at the present unprecedented high prices, according to a comparison of nutritive food values prepared by the Food Administration, continues the cheapest food found in a survey of fifty staples.

There is twice as much nutritive value in a dollar's worth of corn meal, even at the prevailing high prices, as in a dollar's worth of wheat bread. The actual figures show that 47.4 cents worth of corn meal now equals one dollar's worth of wheat bread in actual nutritive value.

There are four bushels of corn raised in this

country to every bushel of wheat, and corn meal is as good food for man as is wheat. It costs less, and is the richest crop in our country.

ABOUT UNITED STATES BONDS.

The United States Government issues bonds in two forms (1) Bearer bonds with interest coupons attached, commonly called coupon bonds; (2) bonds registered both as to principal and interest. Liberty loan bonds are issued in both bearer and coupon forms.

A bearer or coupon bond is payable to the bearer, the holder, the title passing by delivery. The Treasury Department does not require proof of ownership when such bonds are presented for payment or exchange, the holder thereof being recognized. Such bonds may be bought and sold without formality and without indorsements of any kind. Attached to bearer bonds are sheets of coupons or certificates of interest. One of these coupons becomes due each interest payment date and should be detached by the owner of the bond and cashed at his bank or presented to a Treasury office for payment.

A registered bond is payable only to its owner or his order, and can be transferred only by being properly indorsed and assigned by the owner. The bond has inscribed on the face of it the name of the owner or payee, and such fact is recorded on the books of the Treasury Department against the particular bond indicated. The change in ownership of a registered bond is effected by the original payee indorsing and assigning the bond, using the form on the back thereof in accordance with the regulations of the Treasury Department. Such assignment must be made before an officer designated by the Treasury Department, and such officer must certify thereto and affix his official seal. The officers who are authorized to witness assignments are indicated in a note printed on the back of the bond. Generally speaking certain judicial and Treasury officers and executive officers of Federal reserve and national banks are authorized to witness assignments.

When the owner of a registered bond disposes of it, and has properly assigned it, it should be forwarded at once to the Secretary of the Treasury for transfer on the books of the department. The bond so forwarded is canceled and a new bond in the name of the new owner is issued and sent to the new owner by registered mail.

The interest on registered bonds is paid by means of checks drawn by the Secretary of the Treasury on the Treasury of the United States, such checks being issued on the day interest is due. They are sent by mail to the owners of the bonds.

HUSTLING JOE BROWN

—OR—

THE BOY WHO KEPT THE TOWN CLOCK

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XVI (Continued).

"Providing I turn over those papers to the new company."

"He seemed to take it for granted that you would do that."

"He appears to have more faith in me than I have in him."

"He said some very complimentary things about you."

"He has good reason for his faith in me. Well, I am prepared to act, but there is one thing you must remember, I will not meet this man under any circumstances. That must be distinctly understood."

"I will do my best to see that your wishes are carried out."

"Very well. Now we will get down to business."

The leather man opened his coat, which was made of tan-colored calfskin, and drew out a huge wallet.

From this he took four sealed letters.

"This," he said, holding up one which Joe saw was addressed to himself, "contains written instructions which you will do well to carry out to the letter. These others you will take with you to New York and deliver in person to the parties to whom they are addressed, and now I want you to promise me one thing, boy."

"Yes, sir. Anything."

"The persons to whom these letters will introduce you knew me in the past. They will ask you all sorts of questions about me, no doubt. You must be guarded in your answers. I have no desire whatever to change my method of life. I do not wish to see any of these people, nor to have them see me. You will preserve my confidence faithfully, Joe?"

"I will, sir. I promise you."

"In regard to Elsie it is different," continued the leather man. "Acting by my orders, she told you that I was her father. If these people want to see her, well and good. You need make no mystery about her, but she must not run after them. They must come to her."

"I shall do just as you say, sir."

"That is all. I am told that you have acquired quite a reputation as a hustler. Hustle and win. But mind, I must be strictly obeyed, or the papers will not be forthcoming, and when they seek the leather man they will find him missing. Good-night, Joe."

He turned abruptly and walked out of the shop. Filled with curiosity, Joe locked the door behind

him and, placing his bracket lamp on the table, sat down to read the letter addressed to himself.

For fully two minutes he hesitated about breaking the seal.

More and more the boy had become convinced that he loved Elsie Bender.

He was thinking what the success of these peculiar schemes might mean for that love.

"If it will only put me in a position to marry and Elsie will have me," thought Joe, "then I ask for nothing else."

With this thought uppermost in his mind, he broke the seal and read as follows:

"To succeed in organizing a company to fight the rifle trust and take over the Wapamsett works several things are essential.

1—To interest capital.

2—to secure competent labor.

3—To secure reliable selling agents for New York, Boston, Chicago, etcetera.

"All these things must be borne in mind.

"To interest capital it will be necessary to show the capitalist where he can make a profit. To secure competent labor it will be necessary to interest the town of Reddington in the scheme at once and stop the emigration, which I understand has already started. If the best workers are allowed to leave town, it will be a very serious detriment to this plan.

"As for the selling agents, it is my advice that the former selling agents of the Wapamsett rifle, whom I understand have been dropped by the trust, be communicated with at once and interested in the reorganization.

"These are the main points. Now for my advice.

"First, deliver the accompanying letters and be in a measure guided by the result.

"In any case call a public meeting in Reddington and try to interest local capital. If the foremen, the tradesmen and others could be induced to invest what little they can spare in the stock of the new company, it will put it on a firmer basis than even the old one, and will give a local interest to the business, which is always beneficial to a town.

"These, however, are matters which can only be gone into after the delivery of the letters.

"This is all I have to say."

The letter was unsigned and unaddressed.

Joe read it twice.

It seemed to him almost a hopeless case to expect the townspeople to invest any great amount in the new company, for Colonel Redding was the only man supposed to have money to spare.

He now turned his attention to the three letters.

They were addressed to the following parties:

Franklin Noble, Hiram Henshaw and Jacob Grimes.

Noble's address was at a certain number on Fifth avenue, New York.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT NEWS

An auto accident happened at the corner of Park and Washington street, Portland, Ore., recently, and a small American flag was under the damaged car. Nearby were twenty or more men, gazing at the machine, but not one of them stooped to pick up the flag. A young girl in a white suit came along and, seeing the flag lying in the street, went through the crowd and in a most dignified manner picked it up and replaced it on the machine.

We have heard of tin soldiers, but it has remained for J. Burgess, an officer in training at Fort Sheridan, Ill., to bring to our attention a camouflage soldier of papier mache. His plan is to place a large number of these dummy soldiers beside the regular troops on the firing line, to serve as decoys for the Germans. Unable to distinguish between the real and faked soldier, he believes the Germans will waste a great amount of ammunition on the papier mache figures. In this instance every hit will be as good as a miss.

A fruit picker invented by Melville Clarke of Syracuse, N. Y., is made on the idea of a reciprocal knife, an instrument that will nip off the fruit at the stem by either a shove, pull or twist. The picker is in the shape of a crown and has a bag appended to it for catching the fruit. It is attached to a long bamboo pole. With the Clarke fruit picker fruit is not damaged. It falls softly into the holder. The mechanism being light, can be lifted to the highest parts of the tree. Thus choice fruit can be picked, where formerly it was left on the trees, being too high to reach with a ladder or by climbing.

"Make your present to the Marine as compact and durable as possible," is the admonition of Marine Corps officials whose experiences in many campaigns have taught them the needs of the fighting men. The important things are those that the marine actually carries into the trenches; metal cases for toothbrush and soap, razors, watertight match boxes, steel-backed mirrors, and only articles that stand exposure to the weather are of value. Though of good quality, they should not be expensive, as such articles are frequently lost. Clothing boxes, kept in reserve billets back of the firing line, will hold articles not actually in use by the U. S. Marines.

The last chapter in the tragic story of the raid by Francisco Villa on Columbus, N. M., has been recorded by the transfer of seventeen Mexicans who participated in the raid from the jail at Silver City, N. M., to the State penitentiary at Santa Fe, where they are to serve long sentences for murder, says a

Silver City despatch to the New York World recently. These men were captured by the punitive expedition commanded by General Pershing in Mexico. They are said to have been leaders in the raid, and at the recent trial each of them pleaded guilty to second degree murder. They were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from seventeen to eighty years. Several of the prisoners were wounded in the battle following the raid upon Columbus and have not yet recovered.

Following the recommendations of the General Board of the Navy, the Navy Department has decided to place no more contracts for submarine chasers, but to build destroyers instead. This does not mean that the chasers are a failure; far from it. For they are excellent boats on patrol in the more sheltered waters in which the smaller German submarines are operating. The change from the construction of chasers to that of destroyers is designed to meet the developments of U-boat warfare, which have been in the direction of larger boats of wide radius of action, capable of operating far out in the Atlantic. To patrol properly the lanes of steamship travel for a distance of 300 miles or more from the French and British coasts calls for a boat of the size and sea-keeping qualities of the destroyer. If the Department were wise, it would sacrifice every other form of new constructive work in favor of a big destroyer program calling for at least 250 of these craft.

The former German passenger steamer Vaterland, now the Leviathan, which was seized by the United States, is being repaired for the Army transport service and she will make an ideal transport for troops. She is a vessel of 54,282 tons, and has a speed of 24 1-2 knots. In peace time she carried 5,000 passengers and a crew of 1,000 without the slightest crowding, and in war time, now that she has received certain interior alterations, it is estimated that she can comfortably carry 10,000 troops. She has mounts for guns, and is built with a double hull and numerous bulkheads, which insures her safety at sea. As a passenger steamer she was most luxuriously fitted up, a large space in her cabin being devoted to a Roman bath. The space occupied by the bath and by other luxuries will be utilized in different directions, and will add a great deal of space for the carrying of troops and for equipage. Her immense decks, with a length of 800 feet, offer ample means for exercise. She is receiving her finishing touches at Hoboken, a large number of men being at work on her. Steam was raised in her boilers recently for the first time since her machinery was disabled by her German engineers.

NEWS OF THE DAY

CUBA WILL GROW VEGETABLE OILS.

Cuba is working with the Food Administration not only to stimulate increased production of sugar for this country and the Allies, but also to plant large crops of seeds which yield vegetable oil. Peanuts and soy beans are to be planted and also the castor-oil bean, which grows wild throughout the island. This work is in charge of George Reno, chief of the Cuban department of agriculture, commerce and labor.

MAIL BY AEROPLANE AFTER THE WAR.

Aeroplane mail routes will soon be established by the government. An official announcement recently stated that army aircraft and motor trucks not serviceable for military purposes will be turned over to the Post-Office Department and utilized in carrying mail as soon as the necessary authority is obtained from Congress.

When the war is over, all the aeroplanes and trucks not needed by the army and that are fit for mail carrying will also be given to the Post-Office Department. The President has approved of the plan and the bill authorizing it was favorably reported to the House.

DUNN CONDUCTS A "MAN FACTORY" AT BALTIMORE.

Johnny Dunn, president and manager of the Baltimore Orioles of the International League, formerly of the Brooklyn Nationals, is in a class by himself when it comes to picking out ball players, developing them and then disposing of them to major league clubs. In the twelve years that Dunn has managed the teams of Providence and Baltimore \$150,000 has been turned over to him in cash and players for the twenty-three he has sent to the big show. His recent sale of Turner Barber, formerly of the Washington Nationals, to the Chicago Cubs for \$15,000 is the highest price Dunn has ever received for a single chattel.

Of the many record sales transacted by Dunn the most noteworthy is the case of George Twombly. Fresh from a high school team just outside of Boston, Twombly reported to Dunn about six years ago. He was a shortstop, and about as rank a one as could be found. Dunn saw a chance of development, and hung on to the lad. Later in the season he tried three times to farm Twombly, but each time he was returned. The next year Dunn succeeded in getting Twombly a job in a small league, and he made good. A third year found him in the New York State League, and the fourth he was a star for Baltimore.

When the Federal League invaded Baltimore, Dunn sold Twombly to Cincinnati for \$5,000. The

Reds didn't like him, and they gave him back to Baltimore with the understanding that Dunn could have him if he would live up to the contract. Twombly had signed in Redland. Back with Baltimore Twombly hit well over .300, and last winter Dunn sold him again. The Boston Braves were the purchasers this time, and \$2,500 was the amount they gave up. Now Twombly is back in the International League with Providence.

CONSTRUCTING A CANTONMENT.

When word came that beautiful Chickamauga Park was to be conveyed into a camp for a division or probably more of the army, an estimate was made which resulted in the statement that probably 800 buildings would be needed for the housing and messing of the men. Quarters were to be provided for 34,000 men. This would necessitate the erection of a city, with lights, water, sewerage and streets, along military lines. The work has progressed with unheard-of speed, and at the end of three months a town is formed, with all the conveniences a modern American soldier could wish, including picture shows and soft-drink stands and a vaudeville or so.

About 1,500 men were employed on an average, to do this work and about 600 men were employed in laying the pipe line, which is extended from Chattanooga to the camp sites. Approximately twenty-five miles of pipe was used, including the laterals, to convey the water to each camp, where it is fed into the kitchen and bath houses, and officers' quarters. The water is pumped into two large steel tanks, with a capacity of 100,000 gallons each, and the contract with the water company allows for 36,500,000 gallons of water to be furnished per annum.

Telegraph, telephone, bank and railroad buildings have been erected, in what is known as a civic center on Wilder Field, with Young Men's Christian Association buildings and a post-office which handles all the mail for the camps. This office is a branch of the Chattanooga, Tenn., main office, twelve miles distant. Tree cutting was a serious question for several weeks after the construction was started, and the greatest care was exercised to save all the trees possible. Many of the buildings have been "staggered" to avoid the cutting of trees, and a picturesque effect is obtained which was quite unexpected and pleasing.

The buildings now number nearly 3,000, which include bath houses, mess halls, barracks, etc., also offices, amusement buildings, store houses, and mess halls. At the present time there are in this post and Chickamauga Park about 25,000 men, including the Officers' Reserve Corps and the Medical Officers' Training Camp.

OUT FOR MONEY

—OR—

A POOR BOY'S CHANCE IN A BIG CITY

By J. P. RICHARDS

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIII (Continued).

"Why, I follered yer, o' course. I didn't like de job yer was on, an' so I watched yer, an' seen yer go inter de house."

"And then?"

"Well, den yer was so long dat I got skeered, and den I whistled."

"Yes, I heard you."

"Den I seen yer shadder on de coitain, an' knew by de way yer jumped around dat sumpin' was up."

"Well?"

"I knowed dey was no use tryin' ter get in by de door, 'cause I didn't suppose dey'd let me in."

"But how did you get on the fire-escape? They don't let the ladders all the way down."

"I know dey don't, an' so I got on de stoop railin', stretched over to de winder-sill, an' den stretched over to de oder one an' climb up de ladder to de winder where I seen yer shader."

"And none too soon, either, Butts."

"Betcher life; but dat's me all de time. When I rake up me mind ter get dere, I do it."

"That's right, Butts," laughed Phil. "Well, we had a close call for it, but I'm not sorry I went there after all, for I have learned something."

"What's that?" asked Butts, as they reached the City Hall.

"That I am not Phil Hunt."

"You ain't Phil Hunt?"

"No."

"Who are yer, then?"

"I didn't find that out," laughed Phil. "Hiram wanted too much for the information."

"Was it worth it?"

"It might be, but I'm out of money just now, and five thousand dollars is more than I can give."

"Gee! dat's a lot! Did he want all o' dat?"

"So he said."

"Den if dey was dat much in it for him dey must be more in it fer you."

"So he said; but he may have been lying. You can't tell when he is, and when he isn't. He lied and he told the truth, but I can't always tell when he lies."

"Dere's one t'ing about it," said Butts, as they passed the subway entrance, "you ain't like de rest of us newsies, an' never was. You've got ways about yer dat shows you're different. I've seen some well-brought-up guys, an' you're more like dem dan you're like us, though yer never put on no airs wid us."

"Hiram said that," returned Phil, musingly.

"But how would a bloke like dat know anyt'ing about yer? He's notin' but a bum."

"I don't know," said Phil. "He may not always have been what he is. He may have been a better man at one time."

"Well, I dunno, but he's no good now. Say, s'pose yer was ter find out dat yer was some rich guy's son? Yer'd move away, I s'pose?"

"Well, I've been asked to do it now," said Phil. "If I'm going to take care of the kid, perhaps I'd better."

"Where'd yer go?"

"Up to Harlem."

"Gee! dat's a long way. We'd all miss yer, 'cause it ain't likely dat we'd ever see yer agin."

"No, perhaps not."

"Well, I dunno but what it's all right," said Butts; "but dey's some dat would make an awful fuss about it. I don't t'ink Kit Mulligan'd stand fur it. She's stuck on yer, Phil."

"Think so?"

"Yair, she is dat, but she ain't yer style, an' dey's no use tryin' ter rub it out. I'd shine up ter Kit meself if you was out o' de runnin', but while you're on de track I ain't got no show at all."

Phil laughed and said:

"Well, you might prove to be a dark horse, Butts. Going any farther? I think I'll go home."

"No, I guess I'll sell some late papers. So-long."

Bess and Kitty had gone to bed when the boy reached home, but Mrs. Mulligan was still up, and he told her what had happened.

"Sure, there may be something in it, me bye," she said, "an' I hope there do be, but I'd be sorry to lose yez all the same. Howiver, I don't know but what it's betther. My Kitty is woild afther ye, an' maybe av yez wint away she'd get over it."

"Matthews and his wife want me to go up with them, so that Bess will have better care."

"Yis, an' I think yez ought to. I can't give the little thing all the attintion she wants, an' the street is no place for her. Yis, me bye, it's betther for yez to go, for many reasons."

"That's all right," said Phil. "I didn't want to go away without saying something about it."

The next day, when he went to the bank, the boy was sent for by Mr. Wilson, who said:

"Well, well, this is most extraordinary. What do you mean, sir, by saying that you have stolen a lot of money, and have run away?"

"I didn't know I had, sir," replied Phil, smiling.

"And now you're smiling at it. What do you mean, sir? Didn't you write this letter?" and the president gave Phil a sheet of note paper.

The boy looked at it, and then said:

"That's a pretty good copy, but I didn't write it. I guess I know who did, though. He has got to work quick, thinking I'd been sent off. It's a put-up job, that's what it is, Mr. Wilson, but it hasn't worked."

(To be continued.)

FACTS WORTH READING

BARREL OF \$89 DYE SOLD AT WAR PRICE OF \$5,000.

A barrel of German red dye, hidden in a stock room of a local paper company, Lincoln, N. H., since its purchase three years ago for \$89, while war conditions boosted its value, has been sold to a New York concern for \$5,000, it became known recently.

The paper company's plant recently was sold, and the new owners found the long-neglected barrel and put it on the market.

HERE'S WHY AUTOS SKID!

Pumping liquor into automobile tires is the latest scheme to smuggle liquor into dry West Virginia. The liquor is purchased in Hagerstown, Md., and taken to a point near the West Virginia line and there pumped into the tires and hauled to Martinsburg, W. Va.

Street Commissioner Orrick received a report of the trick from several sources and advised Lieutenant Barber, Acting Chief of Police, to be on the lookout for the smugglers.

This may account for the difficulty of some automobiles to stick to the right side of the road, Orrick observed.

WHAT IS CONCRETE?

Portland cement is the strongest and most lasting of all modern mortars or binding materials. When mixed with sand and stone the resulting mixture is called concrete. Being a plastic material when first mixed, it cannot be used as we use brick or stone, but must be poured into molds or forms, which hold it in place until it hardens into rock. It may be cast in any form or shape, and thus it is useful for a vast number of purposes. It will harden under water, and time and exposure to the elements merely increase its strength. The most common form in which it is used, one familiar to everybody, is in the construction of sidewalks. It is used in all great engineering projects, such as the buildings of dams, bridges, retaining walls, sewers, subways and tunnels. Being fireproof, large quantities of it are used in building and likewise on our farms, where it is extremely valuable as an enduring and sanitary material.

FRENCH REPAIR SUGAR MILLS.

An inventory of the forty sugar refineries in the territory liberated from German occupation this year shows that ten or twelve of them can be restored without difficulty. The rest are nothing but shapeless masses of debris.

The Germans stripped all these refineries of everything in the nature of bronze, brass or copper. Dynamos worth thousands of francs were destroyed for the sake of a few pounds of copper.

The sugar beet land in the vicinity of these refineries has been atrociously belabored by shells, many of which, unexploded, must be extracted before the cultivation of the soil will be safe.

Some of this land, it is thought, may be put into condition for a crop next year, and with the few refineries that are repairable will aid much to relieve the sugar shortage in France.

MAROONED ON ISLAND IN RIVER 22 DAYS.

That he was marooned on a small island in the Shoshone River for twenty-two days—constantly in sight of a bridge across which traffic was streaming, unable to reach either bank of the river because of an inability to swim and unable to make those on the bridge who saw his signals comprehend that he was doing more than wave a friendly greeting to them—was the rather fanciful but apparently true story told local authorities by Dave Gootch, a stenographer of Jonesboro, Ark., who is now under the care of a physician at Cody, Wyo.

Gootch asserts that after taking dinner at a restaurant, he went out on the street. The day being exceedingly warm, he wandered toward the river. He says that as he neared the river he became dizzy from the heat and sat down under a tree, from which point he professed that his memory was a blank until he awoke in the night, to find himself on the island in the river. How he happened to get on the island and couldn't get off by the same means he gained the spot of land, is a point overlooked in his narrative.

Gootch claims to have remained on the island for twenty-two days, each day signaling to those passing on the bridge, and always unable to make them understand that he wanted aid because the roar of the river drowned his voice.

He asserts he had nothing to eat but the bark of shrubs growing on the island, that he was almost crazed by his situation and that he frequently thought he would die. He was eventually rescued by a deputy sheriff after a small boy had reported seeing his body lying on the island.

While the features of Gootch's story tally, as to his having been in Cody recently, disappearing after registering at a hotel, and having been found on the island, there are a great many who wonder why he didn't make some attempt to reach the mainland. Many a man has learned to swim in less than twenty-two days, particularly when he had all day in which to practise.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

DEER ATE THE WASHING.

Edwin Adolph, a farmer of Fort Montgomery, near Highland Falls, N. Y., was dealt with leniently in court there when he showed that he shot a big buck because, in browsing on his premises, it ate part of the family washing which was hung out to dry.

Deer, according to Mr. Adolph, who faced a possible \$500 fine, have pestered him for several months. They destroyed part of his crops, he declared, and recently began to chew the tops of young trees he had just set out. When this one chewed part of a bedsheet and tablecloth that hung on the clothesline in the orchard Mr. Adolph lost his patience and shot it. The game warden told the magistrate a light fine would satisfy him and Mr. Adolph paid it.

VANISHED WILD LIFE.

Many famous animals have become extinct. The bison or buffalo which used to roam America in great herds, and which was as common as Red Indians in the adventure books of not long ago, now no longer exists except for small, tame herds in the Yellowstone Park, Canada and a few private game preserves, says Our Dumb Animals.

The dodo is not an imaginary bird, as most people think. It was a huge pigeon, too bulky to fly, and swarmed centuries ago in Madagascar. But explorers and sailors ate it out of existence, and no living specimen has been seen since 1681.

The great auk may not really be extinct. There are rumors that it is not, though there is no authenticated case of one being seen for the last fifty years. But they were common on the rocky islets off northern Scotland only a century ago.

RESCUED BABY WAS A DOG.

It all began when Snowball, a fluffy poodle dog, pursued a chicken one morning in the back yard at the home of Charles Lefever of 534 South Eleventh street, Kansas Side, Kansas City, Mo. Snowball became so interested in his quarry he failed to notice an open cistern top until after he had fallen in.

For thirty minutes Snowball's owner, Mrs. Myrtle Lewis, who lives at that address, fished frantically, if vainly, to get her pet out. Then she called the fire department. Meanwhile Snowball had sunk twice. She ran breathlessly to the front sidewalk and pleaded with a man passing along the street to rescue Snowball.

The man was a foreigner. While he could not understand her words he partly translated her gesticulations. He rushed to the cistern and jumped

in. About the time the firemen arrived he was sputtering things in Polish that sounded like profanity. He supposed it was a baby.

10,000,000 BUTTONS FOR NEXT LIBERTY LOAN ARE ORDERED.

Preliminary contracts for 10,000,000 "badges of honor" for the second liberty loan campaign have been awarded by the Treasury Department, and deliveries are now being made to liberty loan committees of the twelve Federal reserve districts. "Badge of honor" is the term which Secretary McAdoo has given to the button that will be given to subscribers for liberty bonds. The buttons are artistic in design, the colors being those of the United States flag. The border of the button is in red, and the center in blue, with the bust of the Statue of Liberty and the words "I own a liberty bond" in white.

Several factories are working night and day to turn out the "badges of honor" so that they will be ready to distribute to subscribers as soon as Secretary McAdoo announces the opening of the second liberty loan campaign, which will be not later than October 1. These buttons will be distributed through the banks and other agencies taking subscriptions.

WHAT IS THE ORIGIN OF KHAKI?

It was first adopted in British India in 1848, by Sir Harry Burnett Lumsden, who had been asked to equip a corps of guides to collect intelligence and to conduct an English force on the northwestern frontier of India. The cloth used was a light cotton drill, as suited the climate of Hindustan, and took its name from a native term, "khaki," which means in the Indian language "dusty," being derived from "khak," or dust, says Popular Science. Thus the term applied to the color of the cloth rather than to the material. Though the dictionary tells us it is pronounced "kaykee" by the natives, the English have given it to us as "kharkee," and this is the correct pronunciation.

Having been approved, the use of the cloth spread from the guides to others in the Indian army, and it was worn in the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 by the English troops. In the Boer War, 1899-1902, khaki was adopted in the British service for an active service uniform, and so worn by all English and Colonial troops in Africa. But as cotton was not warm enough for the African highlanders, uniforms of the same kind were made of serge, and the term khaki thus included woollen as well as cotton fabrics. Because it was well fitted for the climate of Cuba and the Philippines, the United States chose khaki for the soldiers' uniforms during the Spanish-American War.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1917.

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Good Current News Articles

Mrs. Lynford Narregang, seventy-two years old, one of several Aberdeen, S. Dak., women who recently pledged themselves to earn \$1 to be given for patriotic causes, accepted the offer of her son to pay her \$1 if she would spend one hour in trousers watering the front lawn. She donned the trousers and earned the money, but she did it at 5 a. m.

Richard L. Lehmann, a German arrested in Seattle, Washington, recently, was in possession of maps of the Strait of Juan De Fuca, Puget Sound coast defenses, and the Puget Sound Naval Station, and had made soundings in the strait and at Neah Bay, Wash., according to a statement by Federal officers. He also had chemicals and poisons. The prisoner professed to be a fisherman.

Some bakers make the mistake of thinking that war conditions give them an excuse for lowering the quality of their bread. "Nothing could be more disastrous to the baker himself or the industry," says the Bakers' Review. The test of the baker in these times comes in baking the best bread possible under adverse conditions. Whatever comes, the baker should be true to his calling. He should make the best bread he knows how and maintain a standard of quality and cleanliness.

The California State market director is conducting a campaign of education to bring fish to the attention of the public and also to stabilize the fish industry and the distributing trade. A fish day has been appointed when fish will be featured in the hotels and department stores, demonstrations in preparing and cooking being given by trained cooks. By a system of repricing different food fishes to strike a better average and encourage more even consumption of the different kinds, the cost of fish to the consumer is being reduced 20 per cent. San Francisco consumes barely one-third the amount of fish per capita consumed in Boston.

In view of the need of conserving sugar, it has been suggested that in southern sections where farmers make corn syrup they can conserve sugar by creating better local markets for the farm supply of syrup. In the past there has been considerable difficulty marketing corn syrup, because when each farmer makes a home supply and from a dozen to a hundred gallons or more surplus, the product is unstandardized and therefore difficult to sell through ordinary grocery channels. It is one of the cheapest and most healthful sweeteners produced in this country and can be used for cooking and the table. Local markets for corn syrup might be established by women's organizations in Southern cities and towns, receiving supplies from farmers who wish to send it to them for sale and disposing of the syrup to housewives at a reasonable margin of profit. If arrangements of this sort were made sufficient publicity could be obtained in local newspapers to obtain both the supply from farmers and customers among the housewives.

Grins and Chuckles

"We do all our cooking by electricity here." Customer—Take this egg out and give it another shock.

The following appeared lately in the agony column of a daily paper: "Dear Tom—Come immediately if you wish to see this. If not, come on Saturday."

Teacher—If a motorist averages \$10 a day for gasoline, \$8 for repairs and \$6 for fines, what is the car costing him monthly? Boy—Nothing, ma'am; he's got a rich father.

"I grovel here before you in the dust!" observed the impassioned youth, as he sank onto the drawing-room floor. "I don't know what you mean by dust," replied she coldly. "I look after this room most carefully myself every morning."

"Then you didn't ask for her hand?" "No; when I went to interview her father he was busy with the furnace. He said to come down, and after watching his struggles for half an hour I didn't want to get married."

The teacher was trying to explain to his scholars the term "accidental death," and said: "If in passing over a rotten bridge I tumble into the river and am drowned, what would you call that?" "We would call that a holiday for the next day."

"This seems to be a very dangerous precipice," remarked the tourist. "I wonder that they have not put up a warning-board!" "Yes," answered the guide, "it is dangerous. They kept a warning-board up for two years, but no one fell over, so it was taken down."

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

MUSICAL SCARECROWS.

A scarecrow is often nothing more than a place where the birds may rest after enjoying a feast of delectable sprouts.

Therefore, the farmers of Imperial Valley, California, have discarded it as a means of keeping pests out of sprouting vegetable gardens. They have found an effective substitute which keeps not only birds, but dogs and cats away. The substitution is an improvised orchestra composed of tin pans strung on wires, says Popular Science. When the wind blows, the pans clatter together and the music set up causes the birds to move on to more harmonious quarters. Threads are attached from the wires to the branches of near-by trees, so that when there is no wind the pans are rattled if the birds alight on the limbs. Dr. J. B. Keller of Banning, Cal., is the originator of the garden orchestra.

MAKING AN ELECTRIC BATTERY.

"Buy five cents' worth of ammonium chlorid, or sal ammoniac, from your druggist. Also secure from a tinner's shop or from your hardware store a piece of sheet-zinc and a piece of sheet copper, each about 11½x6 inches in size, and of any thickness. At the top of each sheet punch a small hole with a nail or hand-drill. Into each of these holes insert the end of a piece of insulated copper wire, size 18x24, and twist firmly into contact with the metal, first, of course, scraping the ends of the wires free of their coverings," says St. Nicholas.

"Secure an ordinary mason jar, pint size, and fill it with water to within one inch from the top. Dissolve the sal ammoniac in this water and set the zinc and copper plates into the solution, facing one another, but not touching anywhere. A good plan is to put a blotter between them so they will not touch."

CHILDREN CONDUCT MARKET.

With piles of crisp lettuce, neatly tied bunches of green onions, well-washed carrots, peas and other vegetables, the children's market, Portland, Ore., is in full operation and is liberally patronized by the thrifty housewives.

All the vegetables are products of the little merchants' own gardens. They are doing their "bit" in helping Uncle Sam feed his home folk. Between sales the marketers, most of them from nine to thirteen years old, discuss methods of vegetable cultivation, swimming, fishing, dolls, warts and other topics near to the hearts of youngsters.

But they are making spending money, too, and each will show a pocketful of silver at the end of a day's work. The market now in operation is one of several to be opened where the children may dis-

pose of their produce raised under the supervision of the public schools, which supplied the seed and inspired the idea of conservation and production in the minds of the pupils.

SOLDIERS PAINT FACES.

Soldiers do sometimes paint their faces, but of course not with rouge. The Italians holding down trenches in the Alps have two enemies to deal with, the Austrians and the snow. Of the two, the Italians prefer to encounter the Austrians. As it is, they have to face both and get along as best as they can. In order to do this they supply themselves with gunpowder and rifles for the Austrians, and black grease and paint and glasses for the sun.

The soldiers' faces and hands are besmeared with black grease to protect them against the burning rays of the sun, which are doubly strong when reflected from the snow. They prefer to use vaseline, but that is too expensive. The snow not only burns the faces of troops, but it injures their eyes so that sun glasses have to be worn. Needless to say, the black grease and the sun glasses make the Italians excellent targets against a background of white snow, says Popular Science.

However, the Alpine Italian troops do not always use grease and sun glasses. When there is hot fighting to be done in the Alps, they don snow-white suits and even paint their rifles white. In such a uniform they are practically invisible.

BOY FIGHTS SWORDFISH.

An experience in swordfishing not exactly encouraging fell to the lot of Harold Paulson, of Bolton, 16 years old, on his first trip as a bank fisherman.

The boy is one of the crew of the schooner Katie Palmer, which arrived at the fish pier with seventy-two swordfish. Capt. Albert Smith reported the incident, and showed a dory with a hole punched in the bottom to bear him out.

Young Paulson put off from the schooner in a dory to put the finishing touches to a big swordfish which had been harpooned. Armed with a lily-iron the boy approached the fish, which was thrashing about in the water in pain from the harpoon in its side. A blow from Paulson's implement infuriated it the more, and the fish charged the dory, driving its long sword through the bottom of the boat. The sword penetrated close to one of the boy's feet.

In its struggle to withdraw the sword, the fish nearly upset the dory, the boy fisherman meantime holding on for all he was worth to save himself from going overboard. After a brief struggle the swordfish backed away, leaving the dory in a sinking condition. The boy stopped the leak by stuffing his cap into the hole, and soon afterward reached the schooner.

GOLD PLATED COMBINATION SET.
Gold plated combination set, with turquoise stone. Price 10c. each by mail, postpaid.
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

JAPANESE MAGIC PAPER.
The latest, greatest and best little trick perfected by the ingenious Japanese is called Yaka Hula. It consists of two packages of specially prepared paper, one a sensitized medium, and the other a developing medium. The process of manufacture is a secret. By wetting a white sheet, and pressing a pink sheet on top of it, the white sheet will develop quaint photographic scenes, such as landscapes of Japan, portraits of Japanese characters, pictures of peculiar buildings, Gods, temples, etc. These pictures are replicas of actual photographs, and print up in a beautiful sepia brown color. Intensely interesting for both old and young. Price, 12c. per package, by mail, postpaid.
WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

RUBBER TACKS.
They come six in a box. A wonderful imitation of the real tack. Made of rubber. The box in which they come is the ordinary tack box. This is a great parlor entertainer and you can play a lot of tricks with the tacks. Place them in the palm of your hand, point upward. Then slap the other hand over the tacks and it will seem as if you are committing suicide. Or you can show the tacks and then put them in your mouth and chew them, making believe you have swallowed them. Your friends will think you are a magician. Then, again, you can exhibit the tacks and then quickly push one in your cheek or somebody else's cheek and they will shriek with fear. Absolutely harmless and a very practical and funny joke. Price, by mail, 10c. a box of six tacks; 3 for 25c., postpaid.
WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

"KNOCK-OUT" CARD TRICK.—Five cards are shown, front and back, and there are no two cards alike. You place some of them in a handkerchief and ask any person to hold them by the corners in full view of the audience. You now take the remaining cards and request anyone to name any card shown. This done, you repeat the name of the card and state that you will cause it to invisibly leave your hand and pass into the handkerchief, where it will be found among the other cards. At the word "Go!" you show that the chosen card has vanished, leaving absolutely only two cards. The handkerchief is unfolded by any person, and in it is found the identical card. Recommended very highly. Price 10c. each by mail, postpaid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

SHERIFF BADGE.
With this badge attached to your coat or vest you can show the boys that you are a sheriff, and if they don't behave themselves you might lock them up. It is a beautiful nickel-plated badge, 2 1/4 by 2 1/2 inches in size, with the words "Sheriff 23. By Heck" in nickel letters on the face of it, with a pin on the back for attaching it to your clothing. Send for one and have some fun with the boys.
Price 15 cents, or 3 for 40 cents; sent by mail, postpaid.
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

DEVIL'S LOCK PUZZLE.

Without exception, this is the hardest one of all. And yet, if you have the directions you can very easily do it. It consists of a ring passed through two links on shafts. The shanks of this puzzle are always in the way. Get one and learn how to take the ring off. Price 15c. by mail, postpaid, with directions.
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

ELECTRIC CIGAR CASE.

This handsome cigar case appears to be filled with fine cigars. If your friend smokes ask him to have a cigar with you. As he reaches out for one the cigars, like a flash, instantly disappear into the case entirely out of sight, greatly to his surprise and astonishment. You can beg his pardon and state you cigars left in the case. A slight pressure on sides of case causes the cigars to disappear as if by magic. By touching a wire at bottom of case the cigars instantly appear again in their proper position in the case. As real tobacco is used they are sure to deceive any one. It is one of the best practical jokes of the season. A novelty with which you can have lots of fun.
Price 35 cents, sent by parcel post, post paid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.

MAGIC CARD BOX.—A very cleverly made box of exchanging or vanishing cards. In fact, any number of tricks of this character can be performed by it. A very necessary magical accessory. Price, 15c.
FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

LUCKY PENNY POCKET PIECE.

This handsome pocket piece is made of aluminum, resembling somewhat in size and appearance a silver dollar. In the center of the pocket piece is a new one-cent U. S. coin, inserted in such a way that it cannot be removed. (U. S. laws prevent our showing this coin in our engraving). On one side of the pocket piece are the words, "Lucky penny pocket piece; I bring good luck," and the design of a horseshoe. On the opposite side, "I am your mascot," "Keep me and never go broke," and two sprigs of four-leafed clover. These handsome pocket pieces are believed by many to be harbingers of good luck.
Price 12 cents; 3 for 30 cents; by mail, postpaid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

THE BALANCING BIRD.

It measures more than four inches from tip to tip of wings, and will balance perfectly on the tip of your finger nail, on the point of a lead pencil, or on any pointed instrument, only the tip of the bill resting on the nail or pencil point, the whole body of the bird being suspended in the air with nothing to rest on. It will not fall off unless shaken off. A great novelty. Wonderful, amusing and instructive.
Price 10 cents, mailed postpaid.
WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

\$ 2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of old Coins. Keep ALL money dated before 1895 and send Ten cents for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. It may mean your Fortune. **CLARKE COIN Co., Box 95, Le Roy, N. Y.**

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Send for 25 XMAS PACKAGES. Each pack containing 48 assorted Xmas seals, Cards and Tags. Sell for 10c. each. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1. We trust you.
CHRISTMAS CARD CO., Dept. R. Beverly, Mass.

PHANTOM CARDS.

From five cards three are mentally selected by any one, placed under an ordinary handkerchief, performer withdraws two cards, the ones not selected; the performer invites any one to remove the other two, and to the great astonishment of all they have actually disappeared. No sleight-of-hand. Recommended as the most ingenious card trick ever invented. Price 10c. by mail.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

LINK THE LINK PUZZLE.

The sensation of the day. Pronounced by all, the most baffling and scientific novelty out. Thousands have worked at it for hours without mastering it, still it can be done in two seconds by giving the links the proper twist, but unless you know how, the harder you twist them the tighter they grow. Price, 6c.; 3 for 15c.; one dozen, 50c., by mail, postpaid.
FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

THE PRIZE FORD JOKE.

Looks like a story-book, but it contains a cap and a trigger. The moment your innocent friend opens the book to read the interesting story he expects—Pop! Bang! The explosion is harmless, but will make him think the Germans are after him. Price 35 cents each by mail, postpaid.
Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

THE AMUSEMENT WHEEL.

This handsome wheel, 7 1/4 inches in circumference, contains concealed numbers from 0 to 100. By spinning the wheel from the centerpost the numbers revolve rapidly, but only one appears at the circular opening when wheel stops spinning. It can be made to stop instantly by pressing the regulator at side. You can guess or bet on the number that will appear, the one getting the highest number winning. You might get 0, 5 or 100. Price, 15 cents; 3 for 40 cents, mailed, postpaid.
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.

LAUGHABLE EGG TRICK.

This is the funniest trick ever exhibited and always produces roars of laughter. The performer says to the audience that he requires some eggs for one of his experiments. As no spectator carries any, he calls his assistant, taps him on top of the head, he gags, and an egg comes out of his mouth. This is repeated until six eggs are produced. It is an easy trick to perform, once you know how, and always makes a hit. Directions given for working it. Price, 25 cents by mail, postpaid.
Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

TRICK CIGARETTE BOX.

This one is a corker! Get a box right away. If you want to have a barrel of joy. Here's the secret: It looks like an ordinary red box of Turkish cigarettes. But it contains a trigger, under which you place a paper cap. Offer your friend a smoke and he raises the lid of the box. That explodes the cap, and if you are wise you will get out of sight with the box before he gets over thinking he was shot. Price 15c., postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

PAPEL BLANCO.

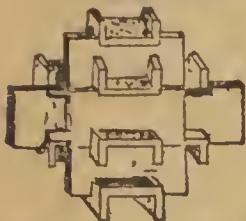


Four cards are placed in a hat. One card is removed and the balance are now shown to be changed to blank cards. The cards can be thoroughly examined.

Price 10c. by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

JAPANESE BANK PUZZLE.



Built up of a large number of grooved pieces of wood. Very difficult to take apart, and very difficult to put together. It can be so dissected as to make a bank of it and when re-assembled would defy the most ingenious bank

burglar outside of prison. Price 35c. by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

THE MODERN DANCERS.

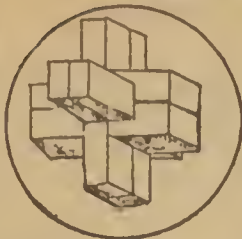


These dancers are set in a gilt frame, the size of our engraving. By lighting a match and moving it in circular form at the back they can be made to dance furiously, the heat from the match warming them up. If you want to see an up-to-date tango dance send for this pretty charm.

Price, 15 cents, or 3

for 40 cents, sent by mail, postpaid.
Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

MIRADO BLOCK PUZZLE.



Imported from Japan. This neat little puzzle consists of six strangely cut pieces of white wood unassembled. The trick is to so assemble the blocks as to form a six point cross. Price 12c. by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



MONGOL PLAYING CARDS. An exact imitation of a pack of the finest quality playing cards in a very neat case. You hand the package to your friend, requesting him to shuffle the cards, and as he attempts to do so a cap inside explodes loud enough to make him see stars. Price 25c. by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

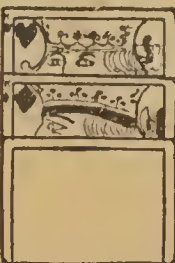
IMITATION FLIES.



Absolutely true to Nature! A dandy scarf-pin and a rattling good joke. It is impossible to do these pins justice with a description. You have to see them to understand how lifelike they are. When people see them on you they want to brush them off. They wonder "why that fly sticks to you" so persistently. This is the most realistic novelty ever put on the market. It is a distinct ornament for anybody's necktie, and a decided joke on those

who try to chase it. Price, 10c. by mail postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.



TOKIO CARD TRICK.

You place five cards in a hat. Remove one of them and then ask your audience how many remain. Upon examination the remaining four have vanished. A very clever trick. Price 10c. by mail, postpaid, with directions.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, New York City.



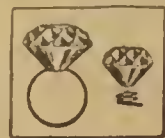
THE JOKE SPIKE.

This joke spike is an ordinary iron spike or very large nail, the same as is found in any carpenter's nail box. At the small end is a small steel needle, 1/2 inch in length, firmly set in spike. Take your friend's hat or coat and hang it on the wall by driving (with a hammer) the spike through it into the wall; the needle in spike will not injure the hat or garment, neither will it show on wall or wood where it has been driven. The deception is perfect, as the spike appears to have been driven half-way through the hat or coat, which can be left hanging on the wall.

Price, 10 cents, or 3 for 25 cents; by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

IMITATION GIANT DIAMONDS.



Diamond rings or studs of half-inch and one inch in diameter are heard of in stories only. We have them imitated by prodigious sparkling stones which will deceive the gaze of any spectator. Price, by

mail, postpaid, small size, 25c each; large size, 35c each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

THE CREEPING MOUSE.

This is the latest novelty out. The mouse is of a very natural appearance. When placed upon a mirror, wall, window or any other smooth surface, it will creep slowly downward without leaving the perpendicular surface. It is furnished with an adhesive gum-roll underneath which makes it stick. Very amusing to both young and old. Price, ten cents by mail.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

MAGIC MIRROR.



Fat and lean funny faces. By looking in these mirrors upright your features become narrow and elongated. Look into it sideways and your phiz broadens out in the most comical manner. Size 3 1/2 x 2 1/4 inches, in a handsome imitation morocco case.

Price, 10 cents each, postpaid.

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